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A HARD BARGAIN.

A very honest-looking young fellow, with an unsophisticated country air and manners, yesterday made his bow to Mr. Justice Hopson, and besought his aid in achieving an extrication from a too common dilemma, or "hard bargain," as he termed it, into which he had been ensnared, and firmly secured by the noose hymenial, tied by a duly authorized justice of the peace, between him and a city cousin of his, whose name and character he made as familiar in the course of his dialogue, as household words;—albeit, they were not altogether unknown to one or two of the officers present without his aid. The conversation that took place on the occasion, was in sort as follows:—

Complainant—May it please your honor—(never mind your specs, leave 'em on your forehead)—I'm in a terrible bad scrape, sir, and if you can get me out of it, I'll be everlastingly obliged to you, and so will all my folks; and there's a heap of them, I tell ye.

Magistrate—Who are you, and who's hurt you?

Complainant—I'll tell your honor. My name's Josey Blauvelt; my father's name is Isaac Blauvelt, and he's deacon in the Rev. Mr. Staple's church, town of Clarkstown, county of Rockland. He used to be captain in the Militia but he resigned when he was sixty.

Magistrate—Never mind about your father; drop him and come to yourself and your story.

Josey—Well, I will, your honor. You see I'm the only son, but I've got 11 sisters—seven of 'em's married and settled, however. The old folks had another boy, but he got kicked by a horse in the chest and it killed him. Father killed the horse though for it on purpose, but he always said it was by accident. Well, as I was saying, I'm the only boy, and when grandfather died he willed me his farm, and the deed was given me when I was twenty-one, which was on the 19th day of February, this year.

Magistrate—Well, well, be quick, I havn't time to throw away this morning.

Josey—Well, I'm coming to the rub as quick as I can. Well, this spring cousin July Ann—her mother's a widow, Aunt Rachel Blauvelt—lives in the village and takes in washing—she comes up to our place at Clarkstown as she's often done before; but when she came this time she was dressed so stylish and was so ladyish as was never seen before in them parts, I tell you. Her cheeks was redder and her neck and shoulders and other premises was whiter than they ever was afore; but always when she got up in the morning the old complexion would somehow or other be on. The gals whispered about paint and chalk, but she was so darnation pretty and lady-like that I didn't believe 'em—specially as the white and red was always back again before breakfast.

Magistrate—Well, you fell in love with her and married her, didn't you?

Josey—Yes I did your honor, that's the fact. I sparked her up right sharp, and she wasn't backward, though I say it myself. The old folks and sisters and uncle Bill and uncle Aaron, and all their folks was agin the match; but some how or other I was bewitched with the tarnal critter, and spite of 'em all, I took her for better or worse, as she did me.

Magistrate—Well, and you found her a devilish sight worse than you took her for, hey?

Josey—You may well say it; I found her *all* worse and *no* better. Why the life she's led me's a caution. She persuaded me to sell my farm what grandfather left me for less than it was worth, fooling me with a story about setting up a store here in New-York with the money that would keep me like a gentleman and her like a lady, without the least trouble in the world. Well, accorden to her plan, I left the old people and old Rockland, and came to the city with July Ann and my twelve hundred dollars; and she took boarding for us at a house in Canal street—I disremember the number. But we didn't stay there long, for the landlady told me one morning after about a fortnight, that July Ann had mistaken the house, and she couldn't keep us no longer. Well, July found another place where she went to, but I never could get her to do any thing about the store she had talked of, and I couldn't do nothing myself, 'cause I knowed nothing about it and she kept the money herself. I'm mistaken there though; she *didn't* keep it much, but spent it mighty fast. Silk dresses and rings and finery of all sorts, and a goold watch and goold chain, and a mighty heap of such like that she bought with it, took it off like whiskey at a harvest bee. And then at night again, I didn't see her many a time from dark till midnight. She would dress herself in all her finery, and say she was going to see her mother; but I don't believe she's seen her mother in a year. Well, one night last week I insisted on going with her to see her mother, and she tried to put me off, but I got my ebenezer up a little, and would'nt be put off no how she could fix it. We hadn't gone far before a tall dandy looking-fellow, with white gloves on and a shiny cane in his hand, met us; and I seen something pass between him and July Ann that put me right up on eend, I tell you. He grinned and winked at her, and she grinned and winked back; and made sich a motion with her head towards me, and put on sich a look, that I knew in a minute what it all meant.

Magistrate—Well, what did it mean.

Josey—Why what could it mean but that she had promised to meet him, and that too without me. Well, I said nothen—pretended not to notice it at all; but the way I felt was queer, I tell you. We kept on a little ways without a further word passing between us, when July Ann suddenly sung out,—"Oh, my dear Josey, who do you think's in town?" "I don't know, I'm sure, says I; who is?" "Why cousin Steph"—that's uncle Ben's oldest son, clerk in a store at Tappan—"I met him to-day in the market, and he told me he was going to the theatre to-night and wanted you to come there too—let's go, shall we?" "Certainly, July, (says I), if you like—I've never been to a theatre, and wouldn't mind going once just to see what it is and meet cousin Steph." So to the theatre we went. July bought the tickets and we went in; and one of the pew doors standing open, I was just going to bolt in with July on my arm, when a man with a big cane in his hand came and peeped under July's bonnet, and said—"Third tier, if you please, sir." "Third tier, says I, what the deuce do you mean by that? didn't July Ann pay highest price, and ain't we entitled—" "Never mind about disputing with the man, my dear, (says July Ann), I know what he means; let's go up stairs without making any noise." So up stairs we go, clean into the top row, and what do you think, your honor; why the first person we met up there was the chap with the white gloves and cane that I seen wink to July in the street. And would you believe it, they winked and grinned at each other agin! But I agin pretended not to see it, and we went into a pew and set down close by the edge, and I was soon so taken up with looking at the people and the play that was going on, that the man with the gloves and cane was soon out of my head, and I forgot entirely about cousin Steph, and almost that July Ann was along. Well, pretty soon I was going to say something to July Ann, and turned to where she was sitting just by me, and she was gone. What the deuce to make of that I couldn't tell; but I gets up and walks out of the pew, and looked about amongst the men and women; but I couldn't see any thing of her. Pretty soon I seen the man with the big cane that stopped me down stairs, and I asked him if *he'd* seen anything of my July Ann; and he pinted to a pair of stairs at one side and says he, with a kind of a half laugh grin, "I guess if you'll look up there you'll find *your* July Ann." I couldn't think what the deuce the fellow meant by the way he spoke; but I walked up and landed in a long stylish room, with a bar at one end and a confectionary shop in the other, and full of men and women—and the way they cut up was a little bit the bawdiest I ever heard tell on. July Ann, my wife, can't be in such a place as this, thinks I to myself, though I didn't speak it out; but I thought I'd just look round a minute, and walking up toward the bar what should I see but that everlasting fellow with the white gloves and cane stretched out on a sofa, with a glass of liquor in his hand, and July Ann setting on his lap drinking gin and sugar!

Mag.—That *was* a hard one, any how. How did she get out of that scrape.

Josey—Why the easiest in the world, your honor; she hops up, takes me by the hand, introduces me as her "dear husband" to "cousin Bob Stafford," and taking my arm, led me down stairs into the pew again. "Who the devil's cousin Bob Stafford?" says I to her. "Oh, (says she) he isn't exactly a cousin, but he is such an old, kind friend of mine, that I always call him cousin." Well, I concluded to let it pass and say nothen then, though I had a terrible misgiving about it; but in less than half an hour I should guess that as many as a dozen other fellows come to where we was setting, and some took July Ann by the hand, and some round the waist, and some in still more free ways, and talked and joked with her in a fashion that I never heard before, and would make me blush to tell your honor. I bore it as well as I could, but I couldn't stand it long, and taking July Ann by the hand, told her the place made me feel desperate qualmish and sick, and I must go home. Well, we walked home together without saying a single word till we got into our room, and I then asked her about our money. And what do you think? there wasn't but a little over six hundred dollars left! We had a long talk about it, and she told me how she had spent so much for dresses, and so much for her gold watch, and so much for other things, and three hundred dollars she had lent "cousin Bob."

Mag.—Well, the long and short of the matter is, that you have found out that *your* July Ann turns out to be no better than she should be, and is as much the July Ann of others as of yourself, and you would like to know what to do about it. Aint it so?

"Exactly so, he, he, he!" ejaculated a bystander with a big cane in his hand, whom Josey recognized to be the officer of the theatre.

Josey—Exactly so, you may well say it. And now can you give me any advice?

Mag.—Why Josey, I pity your situation from my soul; but we have not the power, in this court, to relieve you, unless you have a mind to have us send your July Ann to the penitentiary, as a common prostitute. We can do that if you wish.

Josey mused some moments without replying, when the officer asked him if he would return home and pursue his former tranquil mode of life, if he could get back the little remainder of his $1200? Josey replied that he would most gladly do so, and leave his "dear deceiver" to her fate; and the humane officer, to rescue him from further ruin, repaired with him to his boarding house, and easily obtained from the abandoned "city cousin" nearly $600 and her watch and some other availables, he gave them over to Josey, and in the afternoon the unfortunate husband left the city with his impaired fortune and the benefit of his experience, for his country home and friends.

N. Y. Sun of Thursday.

A vignette in Bell's Life in London, representing a half-starved hawker of songs, importuning a lot of beggars for customers, is accompanied with the subjoined stanzas, in which the subject is capitally hit off:

Here's a small lot of songs for a small sum of money,
A hundred, and upwards! now an't that a heap?
Bang-up, sentimental, pathetic, and funny,
And all for von peny!—unkimminly cheap!

"Halice Gray," "Paddy Carey," "The Last Rose of Summer,"
"The Man of Dogs' Meat," "The Bould Smuggler, Vill Vatch;"
And here's "The Cork Leg"—and there can't be a rummer—
Vich you either may chaunt as a ballad or catch.

Buy a yard and a half of most capital werses,
By Burns, and Lord Byron, and Hudson, and Moore;
Come, Masters and Misses, open your purses,
Such a chance in your life you ne'er met with before.

Here's "God save the King," and "The Exile of Erin,"
"Tom Bowling," "The Nightingale Club," and "Poor Jack,"
"Sally Brown," "Nelly Gray," "While our Bark was a Steering,"
"The Rose vich I Gather'd," "John Trot," "Paddy Vack."

In the whole of the lot there's not von vot's improper,
But I varrant 'em all to be wastly admired;
Come, never be stingy, but fork out a copper,
And then you may sing till you're all on you tir'd.

Here's "Velcome me Home," and here's "Farewell for Ever,"
Here's "Hush little Bow wow"—do make haste and buy 'em;
There ne'er was in print a collection so clever,
Here's "All round my Hat," and here's "Taste 'em an Try 'em."

Here's "The Jackets of Blue," and here's "Hush thy Suspicion,"
Here's "The Heart that is Proof to young Cupid's Attacks;"
Here's Fogo's new ballad—a rare composition—
In praise of the pleasures of milling and max!

Come, purchase, avay, 'tis no trash vot I sell ye;
Vy am I obligated for custom to bawl?
I sees how it is, and I'm sorry to tell ye,
You han't got no music at all!

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT IN THE WEST-INDIES.

Sir Ralph Woodford told us, that when this steamer was first started, he and a large party, as a mode of patronizing the undertaking, took a trip of pleasure in her through some of the Bocas into the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and, as they returned through the Boca Grande, there was no one on deck but the man at the helm and himself. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf during the first troubles in Colombia, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad.—Her course seemed unaccountable; but what was their surprise, when they observed that on nearing the coast, the privateer never tacked, and finally, that she ran herself directly on shore, her crew, at the same time leaping over the bows and sides of the vessel, and scampering off as if they were mad, some up the mountains, and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight, that Sir R. W. ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer, that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close, the vessel appeared deserted; Sir Ralph went on board of her, and after searching various parts without finding any one, he at length opened a little side-cabin, and saw a man lying on a mat, evidently with some broken limbs. The man made an effort to put himself in a posture of supplication; he was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered, and his hair stood on end.

"Misericordia! misericordia! Ave Maria," faltered forth the Colombian.

Sir Ralph asked the man in Spanish, what was the cause of the strange conduct of the crew:—

"Misericordia!" was the only reply.

"Do you know who I am?" said the Governor.

"The—the—O Senor! Misericordia! Ave Maria!" answered the smuggler.

It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter;—that they saw a vessel apparently following them, with only two persons on board, and steering, without a single sail, directly in the teeth of the wind, current, (which runs like a river through the Bocas), and tide;

Against the breeze, against the tide,
She steadied with upright keel;

that they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means; that they heard a deep roaring noise, and saw an unusual agitation of the water, which their fears magnified; finally, that they concluded it to be a supernatural appearance, accordingly drove their own vessel ashore, in an agony of terror, and escaped as they could; that he himself was unable to move, and that, when he heard Sir Ralph's footsteps, he verily, and indeed believed, that he had fallen into the hands of the evil spirit.

Six Months in the West Indies.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon was accustomed, (says a recent writer,) to wear a coat of mail under his clothes, and which he very rarely went without. On his departure for Belgium, he thought it best to guard against those dangers with which he was threatened, having all Europe leagued against him, by every means in his power. He accordingly sent for a clever workman, and asked if he thought himself competent to make a coat of mail of such a texture that no weapons whatever could penetrate. On the artificer answering in the affirmative, Bonaparte agreed to give him 18,000 francs, the sum asked. On the day fixed, the man brought his work to the palace. Napoleon quickly examined it, and ordered the workman to put it on himself. The man obeyed. Napoleon then took two pistols, saying, "We shall now see if this coat of mail is of the texture you promised me." He fired the first at his breast: the cuirass resisted. "Turn round." The man obeyed; the second ball struck his back, and with the same result. The poor artificer, half dead with fright, thought these trials would be sufficient, but he was mistaken in his calculation. Bonaparte next armed himself with a long fowling-piece, and made the same experiment on the shoulders, back, and breast of the poor, trembling patient. Happily, the cuirass resisted, and saved the inventor from so cruel a trial. "How much am I to pay you," said Napoleon, "after this noble exploit?" "Eighteen thousand francs," stammered out the frightened artificer, almost deprived of his senses. "No such thing, sir," replied Napoleon, "I shall give you thirty-six thousand;" and gave an order on his treasurer for that amount.

One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes, (says M. de Bourrienne,) consisted in his not believing in friendship, and not feeling the necessity of loving. How often has he exclaimed in my hearing, "Friendship is but a word: I love no one: no; not even my brothers; Joseph, perhaps, a little; still, if I do love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us. Duroc! yes; him I certainly love. But why? his character suits me. He is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then—Duroc never weeps! As for me, it is all one; I well know that I have no true friends. While I remain what I am, I can make as many of them as I like—in appearance. Look ye, Bourrienne, we must leave tender-heartedness to the women—that is their affair; but no sensibility for me! it is necessary to be firm—to have the heart of adamant; otherwise let no one meddle with war or politics!"

When Napoleon was in Egypt, and inspecting the country, he took advantage of a low tide, traversed the Red Sea, and gained the opposite side; but on his return, night overtook him, and he ran the greatest danger of perishing, precisely in the same manner as Pharaoh.

Napoleon, in his campaign against Prussia, having found at Potsdam the sword of Frederick the Great, the belt which this monarch wore during the seven years' war, and the grand insignia of his orders, exclaimed, on taking possession of these trophies, "I prefer them to all the treasures of the King of Prussia—I will send them to my veterans of the campaigns of Hanover: the governor of the Invalides will guard them as a certificate of the victories of the grand army, and of the revenge which was taken for the disasters at Rosbach."

Among the other costly relics belonging to one of the richest convents in Valladolid, there was a brick of massive gold, of nearly one foot in length by an inch thick, which contained a thorn, said to be from the crown which Christ wore on the cross. It was presented to Napoleon by one of his generals, and he received it; but, taking out the thorn, "There," said he, "give that back to the monks—I keep the brick.

When Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, passed through Warsaw, on his way to Moscow, in the campaign of 1812, he gave a dinner, at which he had soldiers holding upright, round the table, branches of cherry-trees, laden with fruit; these formed a sort of grove, which extended over the heads of himself and guests, from which they gathered the fruit for their dessert.

At the time when private letters were opened by the orders of Napoleon, a packet was stopped at Trieste, which proved to be written in Hebrew. The clerks having no knowledge of this ancient language, a Jew was sent for to interpret it. On reading the letter, he betrayed great embarrassment, and wished to be excused the translation, but the secretaries were determined. The Jew, who shook with fear, then read the following translation:—"Blackguards that you are; do you suppose that if I were fool enough to conspire against you and your paltry town, I should hazard my plots in a letter? No; while the present apt apostrophe is being poured into your ears, know that I am laughing in my sleeve at your having exposed yourselves to the ridicule of seeking a translation for my rubbish. May the lesson prove useful, and deter you in future from prying into the secrets of families, and violating the bond of confidence."

During the reign of Napoleon, an article was written in an English Journal, stating, when the troops heard it reported that the French had landed at Dover, they gave three *huzzas!* and were in hopes of giving a good account of the invaders. This notice appeared in the *Publiciste*, in the form of a faithful translation. The following day, an article was inserted in the *Gazette de France*, accusing the editor of the *Publiciste* of disaffection in translating the huzza of the English in the sense of *vivat!* which, it asserted, was not the true meaning; but, on the contrary, that *huzza* implied an appeal to the mercy of a conqueror, and might be rendered better by the interjection *helas!* Next day, the Publiciste exposed the ignorance of the Gazette de France, and, in proof of it, quoted the meaning of the disputed word as given in Boyer's Dictionary. On this Bonaparte interfered, and sent an article to be inserted in the Moniteur, saying, that the editor of the Publiciste was an ignorant fool; for he ought to have known that a word might have two meanings, but that his malevolence was well known, as well as his attachment to the corrupting gold of England. This article the Publiciste was obliged to copy the following day.

In 1815, the French newspapers announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris, in the following ingenious manner:—"March 9. The Anthropophagus has quitted his den. March 10. The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan. March 11. The Tiger has arrived at Gap. March 12. The Monster slept at Grenoble. March 13. The tyrant has passed through Lyons. March 14. The usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen *en masse* and surrounded him on all sides. March 18. Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital: he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers. March 19. Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris. March 20. Napoleon will, to-morrow, be under our ramparts. March 21. The Emperor is at Fontainbleau. March 22. His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries, amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.

London Mirror.

JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARN.

> "This have I observed, oftentime, that divers people do possess divers views within their mindes of Hades and Sathanus. Every man, most part, will make unto himself a *material* picture of either, the which he colors with hews from his own fancie."
>
> THE DIALL OF PRINCES.

"Oakum," said I, to an old maintop-man, "they say you tell a very good story."

The old tar shifted his position in the halliard-rack, and after rolling a huge chew of tobacco about in his mouth, with the air of a stray shot in a gale, replied:

"They have giv'n me the credit of spinning a tolerable yarn upon the berth-deck, and in the 'top;' but there's blue jackets in the ship who beat me hollow: for instance," continued he, "there's Jim Bitts, the mastman, and Dave Tank, the holder—why you'd s'pose, Sir, to hear 'em, that they'd gone a cruise or two to the devil's cruisin' ground, with Skipper Vanderdecken."*

I requested him, however, to relate one of his own stories, and postpone the examination of the merits of Bitts and Tanks, until some other night.

"Well, Sir," said he, "to begin, as the boy said when he robbed the church, I once knew a chap that hailed from the main deck of America,† and answered to the name of Jack Marlinspike: he was a thorough-bred sailor, too, every inch of him from truck to kelson, and know'd a ship better than my old grandmother does her prayers; 'cause you see, Sir, he didn't make his first cruise in a man-o'-war. Why, a lad might as well go to h—ll to larn powder-making as come on board of a craft like this to larn the duties of a seaman. The marchant service makes the sailor, the States' service the lubber—'cause why? Why, in one we have only five or six hands, where every one must haul his own rope; here we have two or three hundred, and old hands enough among 'em to do the work, while the green-horns and youngsters skulk round the galley, or lose their watches out in the head, and be d—d to 'em.

"When I was the size of that monkey there, who knows how to do nothing but gnaw hard tack, and strike the bell, I could reef, hand, and steer, with the best aboard. To be sure, I wasn't very strong, being but a lad; but what I didn't do in dancing, I made up for in turning round, 'cause I was 'prentice, you see, to a skipper that know'd his duty, and had a way of teaching other folks theirs. Ah, poor old Reeftackle!—he took an extra allowance one cold morning, and walked overboard—thinking, no doubt, that he was going below. We lowered a boat for him, but it was no use: the devil was on the look-out, and nabbed him the very moment he plunged into Davy's fish-pond; but, avast a bit—I am yawing from the p'int; and so 'here's at you again,' as the boy said when he kicked the cow.

"Jack Marlinspike returned from an India cruise, with deep water in both pockets, and after having rigged out in long togs and boots—for you must know Jack was a bit of a 'damn-my-eye'—and given his old mother something in memory of old scores, he took a regalar blow-out, and was not sober again for a month.

"When Jack came to himself, he found his pockets as dry as a powder-horn, and his coppers as hot as a loggerhead: the land-sharks had been afoul of his rigging, and instead of his long togs, he found his timbers cased up in an old purser's jacket, that looked as if it had been a target for canister shot; they had walked off, too, with the slack of his boots and bandanna; and when he had overhauled damages, he felt a little queerish. But it was no use to grumble, and so he philosophized, saying: "Here I am, without a penny in my pockets, or a drop in the bottle—stripped to a girtline, too—for these rags a'nt fit for a Scotch Jack in or'nary.' And so he thought he must try it again afloat, for Marlinspike wasn't a man to sling his hammock in Bilboa.

"Jack made a straight wake for the shipping; but trade was dull, and berths were not to be had; and Jack Marlinspike, who had been first dickey of an Indiaman, couldn't get a situation afore the mast of a Ballyhoo coasting-brig. So one dap, as he was standing on the wharf, with a face as long as the debtor side of a purser's log, he heard himself hailed by a strange gent'man in black, who asked him if he wanted to ship. In course, Jack said he did, and didn't much care if 'twas on a voyage of discovery to h—, 'you know where, Sir.' 'It's a bargain,' said the stranger; and he gave Jack three months' advance, and a week's leave, telling him he must meet him at that place the very moment his liberty was up. Jack then asked him what was the name of his ship, and where she was bound; but the skipper told him not to mind that, as it mattered but little, seeing as how the bargain was closed. Jack went to his lodgings, and after laying in stores, and rigging for his cruise, he squared yards with all hands, and met the strange gent'man at the app'inted day, bag and hammock.

"The skipper told him he was glad to find him so punctual; Jack said that he always made it a p'int to be present at muster, as he didn't like to hear a bo'son's mate roaring out his number between decks. The other then pointed to a long, black, six-oared gig, and told him to gallop his rags into it, as he was in a hurry to shove off. When Jack was done stowing his luggage, he was about to jump out, but the skipper told him to take his seat, as he was going aboard.

"'But where the deuce are the boat's crew?' roared Jack; 'd—l the one, blue jacket or marine, do I see here: the chaps, may be, are gone up to Moll Ferguson's, at the Shad-and-Anchor; hadn't I better run up, and——'

"But the skipper clapped a stopper on his tongue, by ordering him to sit down; and so Jack took up an oar, but the stranger told him to put it down again.

"'Curse my rigging, Sir,' said Jack, 'do you expect the craft to move of herself? But may be you've got the starn-boat of the Flying Dutchman; if that's the case, she can work her own traverse; for they say that she'd take you to h—ll against a head-beat sea, in a dead calm.'

"At this remark, the stranger's brow grew as black as a thunder-storm; but he didn't answer, merely giving the order to shove off. As there was nobody in the boat but he and Jack, the chap picked up the boat-hook, when, to his astonishment, the gig flew fifty feet from the wharf, even afore he had time to shift the staff end for end. 'Let fall!' said the skipper; and sure enough the oars fell, as if they had been handled by a crew of man-o'-war's men. He then sung out 'Give way!' and the boat began to move through the water at the rate of about twenty knots an hour: ships, wharves, and houses flew by them like lightning, and the water roared around the bows like thunder.

"'Going to h—ll, or I'm a liar!" muttered Jack, in amazement, while the hair of his head rose on end with sheer fright. 'Well, it's just as I expected, but blast my top-lights! if I ever dreamed of being smuggled there by old Square-toes himself. Hark ye, Mister Von Belzebub, or whatever ye call yourself, I begin to believe you're a skulking, kidnapping, scoundrel, that goes about the worlk "seeking whom you may devour," as the preacher says, and that gets the weather-gage of honest seamen in distress, by h'isting out false lights. Where is your ship bound?'

"'To the place you have just mentioned, on a voyage of discovery," said the skipper, with a grim smile, reminding Marlinspike of the conversation on the wharf. With that, Jack got up in the boat, and hauled off, to give the devil—for it was that renowned old fellow—a good mauling; but afore he could let him have it, his arms were gripped by some one behind, and he was forced down on his seat. Marlinspike now swore that it was all day with him; and as it was no use to veer or haul any longer, he might as well content himself; so he began to reflect upon the times when he used to go to church, and read the Bible, and he then wished that he had never cast off the tow-line his old woman gave him, when a lad. But, just then, Jack's meditations were all blown aloft by the gig's darting alongside of a large frigate-built ship, with sails bent, and royal yards across. She was at single anchor, stu'n'-sail gear rove, clues furled out, lower booms alongside, and all ready for getting under way.

"The Gent'man in Black leaped up the accommodation ladder, and Marlinspike followed him, swearing that he'd be d—d if he'd be boat-keeper to any such craft. When Jack got on board, not a soul could he see, fore or aft, save the skipper, who stood upon the quarter-deck; but what most astonished him, was to see the gig dropped to the davits, hooked on, hoisted up, without a man in the boat, or a soul hold of the fall. Presently he heard the bo'son call 'all hands up anchor;' then he heard the bustle of the men, as they hurried up to their stations; he saw the messenger passed, the bars shipped, and swiftered in, and heard the chain as it came rattling in the hause-hole—but not a man could he see, beside the skipper, who stood upon the quarter-deck, giving his orders through a trumpet as black and as big as a frigate's galley-funnel. Presently the anchor was cat and fished, and Jack beheld the ship moving out under all stu'n'-sails. You may be sure he was terribly frightened at this, and wondered all the time what the old woman would say, if she knew to what port the vessel was hastening.

"At last Jack went up to the skipper, and asked him for his station, as he didn't like to be drifting about with his hands in his pockets, when there was duty to do: but he was told that he was merely wanted to look out for land, and that it would be two or three months before his services would be wanted: so Jack had nothing to do for a long time, but to work Tom Coxe's traverse—that is, come up one hatchway, and go down the other.

"The Gent'man in Black didn't take an observation all the while; there warn't a compass aboard, and Jack could only tell that they were steering North, by the pole-star, which he saw ahead every night. They had some heavy blows, attended with rain, and thunder, and lightning; but the sails were always so well trimmed to meet the emergencies, that Marlinspike guessed there might be about two hundred invisible men aboard, all told.

"One day the skipper told Jack to go upon the top-gallant-yard and look out for land. Well, he hadn't been there long, afore he sung out 'Hell a-head, Sir, by the Lord Harry!'—and sure enough, he saw a flame rising out of a hummock of land, a great way off, and once or twice he thought he smelt burning brimstone. 'Here we go,' says he, 'right into h—ll, with the wind aft, and stu'n'-sails both sides—no clawing off, either. Well, I'll not take on, for many a better man than I has made this land-fall afore me, and many a better one will after me—"happy go lucky, if you go to the devil!"'

"That evening they came to anchor in a small bay, and the skipper told Jack to stand by to go ashore. So Marlinspike rigged out in his mustering suit, and they went ashore in the same boat that brought them aboard. After cruising over hills and valleys for three days, they came to the mouth of a cave, in the bight of a dismal mountain, out of which spouted a sheet of blue fire. Here they entered, and travelled round and round for three days: at last they began to near the infernal regions—for Jack could hear the clanking of chains, and could smell brimstone in the flaws that now and then passed him. On the evening of the third day they came to a big iron door, and the Gent'man in Black took a key out of his pocket, and opened it. The next moment Jack was in one of the ante-chambers of the place he'd heard so much of. Here the skipper stopped, and taking Marlinspike to a grating set in the wall, told him to behold the rewards of iniquity. Jack looked down, and saw a crowd of beings, as far as he could look, chained up in the flames. They were making the most infernal noises he ever heard; and some, whose tethers were long enough, were hopping round to get on to the cool side of the biggest coals; but what most affected Jack, was to see his master, old Boombrace, shackled to a red-hot anchor.

"'Ah,' said he, 'old 'un, the black fellow, your uncle, has got you at last! Well, I'm sorry for you, being as how you were a seaman, and could splice a rope, or pass a gasket, with the best hand that ever put his mark upon a ship's books: but it was your destination from a youth; you were a devil's chicken, man and boy, and it's a poor ship that won't make her port in fifty year's cruising.'

"'Come,' said the skipper, 'I will show you your duty.'

"They went into a room much larger than the first: here Jack saw a great number of spars, coils of rigging, and old junk, blocks of all kinds, pennant-tackles, and old sails; there were also about a hundred large pots in the room, and a rousing fire under them all. The Gent'man in Black then told Marlinspike that he must keep up a good lively flame under all the pots, for the space of one year, and that at the end of that time, if he did his duty well, he would give him some lighter employment.

"'But, look ye, Sir,' said Marlinspike, 'when I shipped, it was as a man afore the mast, not as a land-lubber of a pitch-boiler. "Every man to his trade," as the doctor said when he killed the king. Now, if you have any dead-eyes to turn in, or rigging to fit, or any thing to be done which requires the knack of a man who has followed the sea, I am the chap that can do it; but this job you've laid out here is more in the line of a ship's cook than of a rated seaman.' But the Old Boy said he had nothing else for him to do, and so Jack had to take hold of the poker and shovel. In the mean time, his superior left him, telling him that he would be back in one year. So Marlinspike was left alone in the ante-chamber I spoke of, to learn the profession of pot-boiling.

"One day, as Jack was rousing up the coals, he heard a groan, and presently a voice crying out from inside the pot:

"'O shipmate, for mercy's sake avast!'

"Marlinspike instantly laid down his poker in astonishment.

"'And who in the devil's name are you?' asked Jack—for the voice was as familiar to him as the roaring of the seas.

"'What!' said the voice—'have you let old Timberheads slip the cable of mem'ry in that kind o' way?—he, too, that larnt you to knot and clinch, when you warn't higher than a match-tub?'

"'My eyes!—is this old Jim Timberheads?'

"'Yes, Jack, and in a pot, too, boiling like a yam,' answered Jim.

"'And what wind blowed you here, pray?'

"'Why, you must know I shipped aboard of a craft that turned out to be a pirate; we were all taken by a British channel-groper and hung—the tail end of which was, that we were shipp'd to this port, bag and hammock.'

"Jack then took the poker, and pushing off the lid of the pot, set his old friend at liberty. Jim began to thank his preserver, but Jack told him to never mind it—that it was all in the cruise, and that they out to turn to, and get the rest on 'em out of limbo.

"'Who's in that pot there?' asked Marlinspike.

"'Old Tressletrees, the boatswain.'

"'Pot there!' shouted Jack.

"'Hallo!' answered the voice within.

"'You're in Darby's, I think.'

"'Yes,' answered the bo'son, 'coiled away like an old sheet in a tier, but who are you, making my number in that familiar kind o' way?'

"'Your old messmate, Marlinspike."

"'What,' said Timberheads, 'has the devil toggled you at last, Jacky? Well, my lad, I am not surprised, 'cause I always know'd you'd bring up here—but I didn't think the old 'un would heave his grapples at you so soon. You're a young man, but I'm an old offender, and it's a-most time my account was squared.'

"Jack then told him how he had got into Beelzebub's clutches, and how he had liberated Timberheads.

"'Well then, Jacky,' said the bo'son, 'if that's your spirit, just lift up the lid, and let an old messmate out o' irons, for d'ye see, I haven't stirred tack nor sheet these six months, and its *almost* as uncomfortable here a 'twas with me at Dartmoor.'

"Marlinspike and Timberheads then slued the lid off the pot, and the bo'son jumped out, and shook his old shipmates heartily by the hands; they then turned to, and liberated about twenty more on 'em. At last they came to a pot that was up in one corner. 'Who's in this pot?' asked Timberheads.

"'Ah, my good friend Timberheads, do pray let me out of this!' groaned a voice from within.

"'Who are you?' asked Jim.

"'Your old shipmate, Mister Clews.'

"'Ah ha, my darling!—Nicholas has hoisted *you* in, too; well, you infernal, tyrannical scoundrel, here's where you ought to have been ten years ago: if he'd caught you then, it might have saved your credit, if you ever had any.'

"'O, Mister Timberheads—recollect, Sir, that I only did my duty!'

"'Avast there, Sir!—avast there!—none o' your lies now, or shiver my timbers if you ever see daylight again. You was a tyrant on the J——'s berth-deck; but I'll forgive you that, and show you how a seaman remembers an injury: there, Sir, hop out, and if you should ever be master's mate of another frigate's berth-deck—which is a thing not at all likely, considering the place we're in—jist please to recollect that blue-jackets have feelings as well as those who sling further aft, although they don't wear as much gold lace, nor make as much noise to so little purpose.'

"Jack and the rest on 'em then freed three or four old admirals, some captains, and one or two lieutenants, of different nations—and when they were all free, they began to sky-lark, and kick up a hooroosh in all quarters: but presently they were somewhat astonished at seeing a huge monkey-built varmint, with ears like a jackass, and horns like an ox, come to the grating and ogle at them, grinning and chattering like an angry baboon. Old Tressletrees swore it was the devil, having seen him, as he said, twice in Havana, and once on the coast of Africa. One o' the men then picked up a poker, and hove it at him, but the varmint wheeled round, and poking his tail between the bars of the grating, began to shake it at 'em, as much as to say, 'You may go to h—ll, you d—d tar-dobbing scoundrels;' but while he was wagging it about, old Timberheads sneaked up behind him, and catching hold of the end of it, took a turn with it round a spike in the wall. 'Now, boys,' said he, 'we've got a clinch on the ryptile, and we'll see how he's laid up; hand me down that luff tackle, and look round, some of ye, for a selvige.' Both these articles were found at hand, and in a minute they had hooked the double block of the luff to a strap round the varmint's tail, and the single block to a bar in the opposite grating. 'Now, my lads,' said the bo'son, as coolly as if he had been on a man-o'-war's fo'castle, 'clap on the fall, every man o' you!'—while at the same time he took out his whistle, and commenced piping 'Bouse-away!' As soon as the tackle got pretty well taut, the fiend began to grow very uneasy, frisking his head and arms about on all sides, and looking pitifully at 'em through the grating. 'You d—d monkey-rigged villain,' said old Timberheads, going within a few paces of the animal, 'we'll have a longer face than that on you 'fore we're done with you; we'll taut'en your cable for you. Haul, boys, haul; hold on what you get, and don't slack an inch of it.'

"By this time he began to bellow out, and ax for mercy: 'O gentlemen,' said he, 'for pity's sake spare me!—*do*, good gentlemen, spare me! Mister Tressletrees, I appeal to *you!* Recollect our long friendship.'

"'You be d—d!' shouted the bo'son; 'I wants none o' your blarney. Bouse away, my livelys!'

"The tears now ran down the varmint's face as big as dead-eyes, and he roared out like the united voices of a thousand mad bulls. Nothing could be heard but the bo'son's whistle, excepting when the animal took breath for another bellow, at which time Tressletrees took advantage of the lull to give his orders; at last the bo'son thought it would be best to hold on a bit, for fear his tail would strand, or part, and they'd lose him altogether; but Timberheads sung out to go on with him, and clap stoppers on his tail, in case it began to weaken. This so terrified him, that he commenced begging and praying to all, addressing his conversation particularly to one or two of the admirals, and to Tressletrees, calling them his particular friends, and telling them the favors he had done 'em; but finding this useless, he at last told 'em that he'd deliver up the key, in case they'd come up the tackle. The bo'son told him to fork it out then, which he immediately did.

"'Now, boys,' said the bo'son, 'take a turn with the fall round that bar, while I go and try if the villain has given us the right key.'

"Tressletrees then opened the door, and finding all right, he went up to the grating, saying to the liberator: 'Hark ye, my friend, you'll larn, after this, to treat honest seamen like men, when they happen ag'in to drift into your clutches, and not to be wagging your tail at 'em in that tantalizin' kind o' way. I've got no ill will ag'in' you at all, except that kind o' feeling which a Christian man should always have for Satan; and as to the stretching we gave your out-rigger, it will be serviceable to you, seeing as how it will taughten the lays of the strands, and make it more imparvious to water. Give us a grip of your flipper, and so good bye to ye. Come, up the fall, boys, and let's be moving.' So they released the poor devil, and cleared out for upper air. In three days they made the surface of the 'arth, and in three more arrived at the bay, where, to their great joy, they found a Nantucket whaler, which had put in for water. When they told the captain their history, he laughed, and agreed to give 'em a passage home, where they all arrived shortly afterward.

"One day Jack was standing on Old-Slip, when he heard some one from behind ask him if he wanted a birth. Marlinspike turned round, when, to his astonishment, there stood the Gent'man in Black. Jack eyed him a moment, and then knocked him down, saying: 'There's a berth for you, you blear-eyed, man-roasting, coal burning scoundrel.' The devil then hauled his wind, nor has he showed his colors ever since. It being, come Christmas next, twenty years ago, I suppose the varmint shifted his cruisin'-ground. Tressletrees told me that, about ten years afterward, he got a peep at the gent'man on the Livy, at Orleans, but afore he could overhaul him, the scoundrel was hull down." R. B.

Knickerbocker for August.

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[*] The distinguished commander of the "Flying Dutchman."

[†] New York is thus denominated by sailors.

LOITERINGS OF TRAVEL

BY N. P. WILLIS.

KENILWORTH.

On the road from Warwick to Kenilworth, I thought more of poor Piers Gaveston than of Elizabeth and her proud earls. Edward's gay favorite was tried at Warwick, and beheaded on Blacklow Hill, which we passed soon after leaving the town. He was executed in June; and I looked about on the lovely hills and valleys that surround the place of his last moments, and figured to myself very vividly his despair at this hurried leave-taking of this bright world in its brightest spot and hour. Poor Gaveston! It was not in his vocation to die! He was neither soldier nor prelate, hermit nor monk. His political sins, for which he suffered, were no offence against good-fellowship, and were ten times more venial than those of the "black dog of Arden," who betrayed and helped to murder him. He was the reckless minion of a king, but he must have been a merry and pleasant fellow; and now that the world, (on *our* side the water at least,) is grown so grave, one could go back with Old Mortality, and freshen the epitaph of a heart that took life more gaily.

As we approached the castle of the proud Leicester, I found it easier to people the road with the flying Amy Robsart and her faithful attendant, with Mike Lambourne, Flibbertigibbet, Richard Varney, and the troop of mummers and players, than with the more real characters of history. To assist the romance, a little Italian boy, with his organ and monkey, was fording the brook on his way to the castle, as if its old towers still held listeners for the wandering minstrel. I tossed him a shilling from the carriage window, and while the horses slowly forded the brook, asked him in his own delicious tongue where he was from.

"*Son' di Firenze, signore!*"

"And where are you going?"

"*Là! al castello.*"

Come from Florence and bound to Kenilworth! Who would not grind an organ and sleep under a hedge, to answer the hail of the passing traveller in terms like these? I have seen many a beggar in Italy, whose inheritance of sunshine and leisure in that delicious clime I could have found it in my heart to envy, even with all its concomitants of uncertainty and want; but here was a bright-faced and inky-eyed child of the sun, with his wardrobe and means upon his back, travelling from one land to another, and loitering wherever there was a resort for pleasure, without a friend or a care; and, upon my life, I could have donned his velveteen jacket, and with his cheerful heart to button it over, have shouldered his organ, put my trust in *i forestieri*, and kept on for Kenilworth. There really is, I thought, as I left him behind, no profit or reward consequent upon a life of confinement and toil; no moss ever gathered by the unturned stone, that repays, by a thousandth part, the loss of even this poor boy's share of the pleasures of change. What would not the tardy winner of fortune give to exchange his worn out frame, his unloveable and furrowed features, his dulled senses, and his vain regrets, for the elastic frame, the unbroken spirits, and the redeemable, yet not oppressive poverty of this Florentine *regazzo?* The irrecoverable gem of youth is too often dissolved, like the pearl of Cleopatra, in a cup which thins the blood and leaves disgust upon the lip.

The magnificent ruins of Kenilworth broke in upon my moralities, and a crowd of halt and crippled *ciceroni* beset the carriage-door as we alighted at the outer tower. The neighborhood of the Spa of Leamington, makes Kenilworth a place of easy resort; and the beggars of Warwickshire have discovered that your traveller is more liberal of his coin than your sitter-at-home. Some dozens of pony-chaises and small, crop saddle-horses, clustered around the gate, assured us that we should not muse alone amid the ruins of Elizabeth's princely gift to her favorite. We passed into the tilt-yard, leaving on our left the tower in which Edward was confined, now the only habitable part of Kenilwoth. It gives a comfortable shelter to an old seneschal, who stands where the giant probably stood, with Flibbertigibbet for a prompter; but it is not the tail of a rhyme that serves now for a passport.

Kenilworth as it now stands, would probably disenchant almost any one of the gorgeous dreams conjured up by reading Scott's romance. Yet it is one of the most superb ruins in the world. It would scarce be complete to a novel-reader, naturally, without a warder at the gate, and the flashing of a spear-point and helmet through the embrasures of the tower. A horseman in armour should pace over the draw-bridge, and a squire be seen polishing his cuirass through the opening gate; while on the airy bartizan should be observed a lady in hoop and farthingale, philandering with my lord of Leicester in silk doublet and rapier. In the place of this, the visiter enters Kenilworth as I have already described, and stepping out into the tilt-yard, he sees, on the elevation before him, a fretted and ivy-covered ruin, relieved like a cloud-castle on the sky; the bright blue plane of the western heavens shining through the window and broken wall, flecked with waving and luxuriant leaves, and the crusted and ornamental pinnacles of tottering masonry and sculpture just leaning to their fall, though the foundations upon which they were laid, one would still think, might sustain the firmament.—The swelling root of a creeper has lifted that arch from its base, and the protruding branch of a chance-sprung tree, (sown perhaps by a field-sparrow) has unseated the key-stone of the next; and so perish castles and reputations, the masonry of the human hand, and the fabrics of human forethought; not by the strength which they feared, but by the weakness they despised! Little thought old John of Gaunt, when these rudely-hewn blocks were heaved into their seat by his herculean workmen, that, after resisting fire and foe, they would be sapped and overthrown at last by a vine-tendril and a sparrow!

Clinging against the outer wall, on that side of the castle overlooking the meadow, which was overflowed for the aquatic sports of Kenilworth, stands an antique and highly ornamental fire place, which belonged, doubtless, to the principal hall. The windows on either side looking forth upon the fields below, must have been those from which Elizabeth and her train observed the feats of Arion and his dolphin; and at all times, the large and spacious chimney-place, from the castle's first occupation to its last, must have been the centre of the evening revelry, and conversation of its guests. It was a hook whereon to hang a reverie, and between the roars of vulgar laughter which assailed my ears from a party lolling on the grass below, I contrived to figure to myself, with some distinctness, the personages who had stood about it. A visit to Kenilworth, without the deceptions of fancy, would be as disconnected from our previous enthusiasm on the subject as from any other scene with which it had no relation. The general effect at first, in any such spot, is only to dispossess us, by a powerful violence, of the cherished picture we had drawn of it in imagination; and it is only after the real recollection has taken root and ripened—after months, it may be—that we can fully bring the visionary characters we have drawn to inhabit it. If I read Kenilworth now, I see Mike Lambourne stealing out, not from the ruined postern which I clambered through, over heaps of rubbish, but from a little gate that turned noiselessly on its hinges, in the unreal castle built ten years ago in my brain.

I had wandered away from my companion, Miss Jane Porter, to climb up a secret staircase in the wall, rather to difficult of ascent for a female foot, and from my elevated position I caught an accidental view of that distinguished lady through the arch of a gothic window, with a background of broken architecture and foliage—presenting, by chance, perhaps the most fitting and admirable picture of the authoress of the Scottish Chiefs, that a painter in his brightest hour could have fancied. Miss Porter, with her tall and striking figure, her noble face (said by Sir Martin Shee to have approached nearer in its youth to his *beau ideal* of the female features than any other, and still possessing the remains of uncommon beauty), is at all times a person whom it would be difficult to see without a feeling of involuntary admiration. But standing, as I saw her at that moment, motionless and erect, in the mourning dress, with dark feathers, which she has worn since the death of her beloved and gifted sister, her wrists folded across, her large and still beautiful eyes fixed on a distant object in the view, and her nobly-cast lineaments reposing in their usual calm and benevolent tranquillity, while, around and above her, lay the material and breathed the spirit over which she had held the first great mastery—it was a *tableau vivant* which I was sorry to be alone to see.

Was she thinking of the great mind that had evoked the spirits of the ruins she stood among—a mind in which (by Sir Walter's own confession) she had first bared the vein of romance which breathed so freely for the world's delight? Were the visions which sweep with such supernatural distinctness and rapidity through the imagination of genius—visions of which the millionth portion is probably scarce communicated to the world in a literary lifetime—were Elizabeth's courtiers, Elizabeth's passions, secret hours, interviews with Leicester—were the imprisoned king's nights of loneliness and dread, his hopes, his indignant, but unheeded thoughts—were all the possible circumstances, real or imaginary, of which that proud castle might have been the scene, thronging in those few moments of reverie through her fancy? Or was her heart busy with its kindly affections, and had the beauty and interest of the scene but awakened a thought of one who was most wont to number with her the sands of those brighter hours?

Who shall say? The very question would perhaps startle the thoughts beyond recall—so elusive are even the most angelic of the mind's unseen visitants?

I have recorded here the speculations of a moment while I leaned over the wall of Kenilworth, but as I descended by the giddy staircase, a peal of rude laughter broke from the party in the fosse below, and I could not but speculate on the difference between the various classes whom curiosity draws to the spot. The distinguished mind that conceives a romance which enchants the world, comes in the same guise, and is treated but with the same respect as theirs. The old porter makes no distinction in his charge of half-a-crown, and the grocer's wife who sucks an orange on the grass, looks at the dark crape hat and plain exterior—her only standards—and thinks herself as well dressed, and therefore equal or superior to the tall lady, whom she presumes is out like herself on a day's pleasuring. One comes and goes like the other, and is forgotten alike by the beggars at the gate and the seneschal within, and thus invisibly and unsuspected, before our very eyes, does genius gather its golden fruit, and while we walk in a plain and commonplace world, with commonplace and sordid thoughts and feelings, the gifted walk side by side with us in a world of their own—a world of which we see distant glimpses in their after creations, and marvel in what unsunned mine its gems of thought were gathered!

N. Y. Mirror.

THE ANGLER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

This day dame Nature seem'd in love,
The lusty sap began to move,
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled fly.
There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.

Sir H. Wotton.

It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen, who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle-rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his "Complete Angler" several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and moreover, that we were all completely bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year; but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand, and sallied into the country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixotte from reading books of chivalry.

One of our party had equalled the Don in the fulness of his equipments, being attired cap-a-pie for the enterprise. He wore a broad-skirted fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes, and leathern gaiters: a basket slung on one side for fish; a patent rod; a landing net, and a score of other inconveniences only to be found in the true angler's armory. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel-clad hero of La Mancha among the goatherds of the Sierra Morena.

Our first essay was along a mountain brook, among the highlands of the Hudson—a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams that lavish, among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties, enough to fill the sketch-book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays, and long nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forrest, filling it with murmurs; and after this termagent career, would steal forth into open day with the most placid demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her house with uproar and ill-humor, come dimpling out of doors, swimming, and curtsying, and smiling upon all the world.

How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide, at such times, through some bosom of green meadow land, among the mountains; where the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of a wood-cutter's axe from the neighboring forest?

For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that require either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment," and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod: until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream, as they break in upon his rarely-invaded haunt; the king-fisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic-struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

I recollect, also, that after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills, with a rod made from a branch of a tree; a few yards of twine, and, as heaven shall help me! I believe a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile-earth-worm—and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day.

But above all, I recollect the "good, honest, wholesome, hungry" repast, which we made under a beech-tree just by a spring of pure sweet water, that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milk-maid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a bright pile of clouds, until I fell asleep. All this may appear like mere egotism; yet I cannot refrain from uttering these recollections which are passing like a strain of music over my mind, and have been called up by an agreeable scene which I witnessed not long since.

In a morning's stroll along the banks of the Alun, a beautiful little stream which flows down from the Welch hills and throws itself into the Dee, my attention was attracted to a group seated on the margin. On approaching, I found it to consist of a veteran angler and two rustic disciples. The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much, but very carefully patched, betokening poverty, honestly come by, and decently maintained. His face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into an habitual smile; his iron-gray locks hung about his ears, and he had altogether the good humored air of a constitutional philosopher, who was disposed to take the world as it went. One of his companions was a ragged wight, with the skulking look of an arrant poacher, and I'll warrant could find his way to any gentleman's fish-pond in the neighborhood in the darkest night. The other was a tall, awkward, country lad, with a lounging gait, and apparently somewhat of a rustic beau. The old man was busied examining the maw of a trout which he had just killed, to discover by the contents what insects were seasonable for bait; and was lecturing on the subject to his companions, who appeared to listen with infinite deference. I have a kind feeling toward all "brothers of the angle," ever since I read Izaak Walton. They are men, he affirms, of a "mild, sweet, and peaceable spirit;" and my esteem for them has been increased since I met with an old "Tretyse of fishing with the Angle," in which are set forth many of the maxims of their inoffensive fraternity. "Take goode hede," sayth this honest little tretyse, "that in going about your disportes ye open no man's gates but that ye shet them again. Also ye shall not use this foresaid crafti disport for no coveteousness to the increasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the helth of your body, and specyally of your soule."*

I thought that I could perceive in the veteran angler before me an exemplification of what I had read, and there was a cheerful contentedness in his looks, that quite drew me towards him. I could not but remark the gallant manner in which he stumped from one part of the brook to another; waiving his rod in the air, to keep the line from dragging on the ground, or catching among the bushes; and the adroitness with which he would throw his fly to any particular place; sometimes skimming it lightly along the little rapid; sometimes casting it into one of those dark holes made by a twisted root or overhanging bank in which the large trout are apt to lurk. In the meanwhile, he was giving instructions to his two disciples; showing them the manner in which they should handle their rods, fix their flies, and play them along the surface of the stream. The scene brought to my mind the instructions of the sage Piscator to his scholar. The country around was of that pastoral kind which Walton is fond of describing. It was a part of the great plain of Cheshire, close by the beautiful vale of Gessford, and just where the inferior Welch hills begin to swell up from among fresh-smelling meadows. The day, too, like that recorded in his work, was mild and sunshiny, with now and then a soft dropping shower, that sowed the whole earth with diamonds.

I soon fell into conversation with the old angler, and was so much entertained, that, under pretext of receiving instructions in his art, I kept company with him almost the whole day; wandering along the banks of the stream, and listening to his talk. He was very communicative, having all the easy garrulity of cheerful old age; and I fancy was a little flattered by having an opportunity of displaying his piscatory lore; for who does not like now and then to play the sage?

He had been much of a rambler in his day; and had passed some years of his youth in America, particularly in Savannah, where he had entered into trade, and had been ruined by the indiscretion of a partner. He had afterwards experienced many ups and downs in life, until he got into the navy, where his leg was carried away by a cannon-ball, at the battle of Camperdown. This was the only stroke of real good fortune he had experienced, for it got him a pension, which, together with some small paternal property, brought him in a revenue of nearly forty pounds. On this he retired to his native village, where he lived quietly and independently, and devoted the remainder of his life to the "noble art of angling."

I found that he had read Izaak Walton attentively, and he seemed to have imbibed all his simple frankness and prevalent good-humor. Though he had been sorely buffeted about the world, he was satisfied that the world, in itself, was good and beautiful. Though he had been as roughly used in different countries as a poor sheep that is fleeced by every hedge and thicket, yet he spoke of every nation with candor and kindness, appearing to look only on the good side of things; and above all, he was almost the only man I had ever met with, who had been an unfortunate adventurer in America, and had honesty and magnanimity enough to take the fault to his own door, and not to curse the country.

The lad that was receiving his instructions I learnt was the son and heir apparent of a fat old widow who kept the village inn, and of course a youth of some expectation, and much courted by the idle, gentleman-like personages of the place. In taking him under his care therefore, the old man had probably an eye to a privileged corner in the tap-room, and an occasional cup of cheerful ale free of expense.

There is certainly something in angling, if we could forget, which anglers are apt to do, the cruelties and tortures inflicted on worms and insects, that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure serenity of mind. As the English are methodical even in their recreations, and are the most scientific of sportsmen, it has been reduced among them to perfect rule and system. Indeed, it is an amusement peculiarly adapted to the mind and cultivated scenery of England, where every roughness has been softened away from the landscape. It is delightful to saunter along those limpid streams which wander, like veins of silver, through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading one through a diversity of small home scenery; sometimes winding through ornamented grounds; sometimes brimming along through rich pasturage, where the fresh green is mingled with sweet smelling flowers; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets; and then running capriciously away into shady retirements. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport, gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing, which are now and then agreeably interrupted by the song of a bird; the distant whistle of the peasant; or perhaps the vagary of some fish, leaping out of the still water, and skimming transiently about its glossy surface. "When I would beget content," says Izaak Walton, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lillies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

I cannot forbear to give another quotation from one of those ancient champions of angling, which breathes the same innocent and happy spirit:—

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
  Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place;
Where I may see my quill, or cork down sink,
  With eager bite of Pike, or Bleak, or Dace.
And on the world and my creator think;
  While some men strive ill gotten goods t' embrace;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war or wantonness.

Let them that will, these pastimes still pursue,
  And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
  And daily by fresh rivers walk at will
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
  Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil.

On parting with the old angler, I inquired after his place of abode, and happening to be in the neighborhood of the village a few evenings afterwards, I had the curiosity to seek him out. I found him living in a small cottage, containing only one room, but a perfect curiosity in its method and arrangement. It was on the skirts of the village, on a green bank, a little back from the road, with a small garden in front, stocked with kitchen herbs, and adorned with a few flowers. The whole front of the cottage was overrun with honeysuckle. On the top was a ship for a weathercock. The interior was fitted up in a truly nautical style, his ideas of comfort and convenience having been acquired on the birth-deck of a man-of-war. A hammock was slung from the ceiling, which in the day-time was lashed up so as to take but little room. From the centre of the chamber hung a model of a ship of his own workmanship. Two or three chairs, a table, and a large sea-chest, formed the principal moveables. About the wall were stuck up naval ballads, such as Admiral Hosier's Ghost, All in the Downs, and Tom Bowling, intermingled with pictures of sea-fights, among which the battle of Camperdown held a distinguished place. The mantelpiece was decorated with seashells, over which hung a quadrant, flanked by two woodcuts of most bitter-looking commanders. His implements for angling were carefully disposed on nails and hooks about the room. On a shelf was arranged his library, containing a work on angling, much worn; a bible covered with canvass; an odd volume or two of voyages; a nautical almanack; and a book of songs.

His family consisted of a large black cat with one eye, and a parrot which he had caught and tamed, and educated himself, in the course of one of his voyages, and which uttered a variety of sea phrases with the hoarse rattling tone of a veteran boatswain. The establishment reminded me of that of the renowned Robinson Crusoe; it was kept in neat order, everything being "stowed away" with the regularity of a ship of war; and he informed me that he "scoured the deck every morning, and swept it between meals."

I found him seated on a bench before the door, smoking his pipe in the soft evening sunshine. His cat was purring soberly on the threshold, and his parrot describing some strange evolutions in an iron ring, that swung in the centre of his cage. He had been angling all day, and gave me a history of his sport with as much minuteness as a general would talk over a campaign; being particularly animated in relating the manner in which he had taken a large trout, which had completely tasked all his skill and wariness, and which he had sent as a trophy to mine hostess of the inn.

How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age; and to behold a poor fellow, like this, after being tempest-tost through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbor in the evening of his days! His happiness, however, sprung within himself, and was independent of external circumstances; for he had that inexhaustible good nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven; spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

On inquiring further about him, I learnt that he was a universal favorite in the village, and the oracle of the tap room, where he delighted the rustics with his songs, and, like Sinbad, astonished them with the stories of strange lands, and shipwrecks and sea-fights. He was much noticed too by gentlemen sportsmen of the neighborhood; had taught several of them the art of singing; and was a privileged visiter to their kitchens. The whole tenor of his life was quiet and inoffensive, being principally passed about the neighboring streams, when the weather and season were favorable; and at other times he employed himself at home, preparing his fishing tackle for the next campaign, or manufacturing rods, nets, and flies, for his patrons and pupils among the gentry.

He was a regular attendant at church on Sundays, though he generally fell asleep during the sermon. He had made it his particular request that when he died he should be buried in a green spot, which he could see from his seat in the church, and which he had marked out ever since he was a boy, and had thought of when far from home on the raging sea, in danger of being food for the fishes—it was the spot where his father and mother had been buried.

I have done, for I fear that my reader is growing weary; but I could not refrain from drawing the picture of this worthy "brother of the angle;" who has made me more in love than ever with the theory, though I fear I shall never be adroit in the practice of his art; and I will conclude this rambling sketch in the words of honest Isaack Walton, by craving the blessing of St. Peter's master upon my reader, "and upon all that are true lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a angling."

"Sir E. Knatchbull rose, but was inaudible. The Chairman rose, and called Sir E. Knatchbull to order."

Report of the Debates.

The confusion that now and then seems to prevail in the House of Commons is entertaining beyond all description, though it certainly brings down the dignity of the people's representatives to an ebb that is truly contemptible. A few days ago there was a row in the House between O'Connell and Stanley. "You're a liar," cries one; "You're another," cries a second; and honorable members kept bobbing up and down, in the most violent rage, pointing out the horrible impropriety of a loss of temper. But though we are inclined to support the dignity of the House to its fullest extent, we do not like to see a poor devil ill used, as appears to have been the case with regard to Sir Edward Knatchbull. He got up, looked very sheepish, was *quite inaudible*, and only stood up looking like an idiot, when the Chairman must needs, most vociferously, call *him*, poor innocent devil, *to order*. As if he could help his goose look. We remember a poor youth, of eleven years of age, being dashed down from his chair, and driven from his father's table, for *looking so much like a thief*, and he seems to have deserved it about as much as poor Knatchbull. Why his *inaudibility* was so *disorderly* as to call for the interference of the Chairman, is past our philosophy. The justice of such a proceeding is exactly like a whale, and, if possible, most particularly like a camel.

Figaro in London.

P. F. Laporte's Bankruptcy.—A meeting of the creditors of Mr. P. F. Laporte, formerly lessee of the Opera House and Covent Garden, was held on Tuesday for proof of debts and final examination of the bankrupt. Among the proofs made was one on behalf of Madame Malibran de Beriot, of £491, arrears of salary. The solicitor for Mr. Laporte applied for an extension of the time granted to the bankrupt for making out his accounts, great difficulty having been found in completing them, in consequence of the bad state in which the books were kept while the bankrupt was absent from the theatre. After some conversation further time was granted to the 23d August.

BAIT-FISHING AND TROLLING.

This being now the season for angling, we may advantageously offer another chapter on that delightful art, from the useful treatise of Mr. Stoddart on "Angling in Scotland," taking first the subject of bait-fishing.

"The first object of the ground angler is to obtain and prepare his worms. These reptiles are to be found in greatest quantities on a rich moist soil. Clay, sand, and peat-moss afford them in very small numbers. They will generate quickly under all sorts of manure and decayed substances, vegetable as well as animal. Four or five different varieties are known in this country; among which we find the large lob or dew worm, an excellent bait for the salmon and sea trout. These may be picked up in any garden, by a ready hand during the summer twilights, when they crawl out upon the surface in search of food. They are a beautiful and subtle worm, and require to be seized with some address. Secondly, we have the common earth worm, a smaller and more inactive sort. Thirdly, the brandling a beautifully streaked variety, found only in very rich and warm soils, among hot beds, near common sewers, and at the side of tan pits; the red worm also breeds along with it, and both are highly esteemed by anglers. We however, reckon the brandling a soft bait, and disagreeable to handle, being filled with a yellow liquid, which issues out on the slightest pressure. This reptile generates with wonderful rapidity; a dozen or two of them, in the course of a few days, when placed among warm manure sufficient in quantity, will produce many myriads, as we have witnessed. The red worm is certainly superior as a bait, although somewhat small and clear.

"Worms may be dug up with a spade or a three-pronged instrument, such as is used for raising potatoes. We, however, prefer another method of taking them. Insert a thickish stick or dibble into the soil, eight or ten inches deep. Move it backwards and forwards with tolerable quickness, so as to agitate the earth round about. After a minute or so, every worm within the circle of agitation, which may extend several feet, will appear at the surface. The reason of this is, that some mole is imagined to be near at hand by these reptiles, who, accordingly, attempt their escape by shooting upwards, and then travelling over the top instead of working their way out of reach, through a stubborn mass of earth, which their natural enemy might penetrate much faster. This method of capturing worms has the advantage of bringing them into your hands in a purified condition, free from filth and injury, both of which your delving instrument is apt to occasion.

"In taking your worms, have a flannel bag near you, filled with fresh clean moss, into which drop them when seized. They should be kept two or three days in a cool place before used, in order to be thoroughly purged and toughened. Take care that the moss become neither too dry nor too wet; a spoonful of cream or sweet milk is a good remedy for the former defect—a better is to change it every other day for some newly plucked. In preparing worms, a common flower pot is a good recipient. Some anglers redden theirs with a mixture of pounded brick, oatmeal, and water; the effect of this composition is nevertheless entirely fanciful.

"The manner of fixing the worm we leave entirely to one's own taste; a general rule is to conceal the hook without injuring the appearance of the bait. Most anglers use two worms in this way. They insert the hook at one-third of its whole length's distance from the head of one, and bring it out at the same distance from the tail; they then commence with the other in like manner, only the hook is not baought out again at all, but the barb left covered near the extremity of the worm.

"Some anglers permit their worm to be carried forward by the current; others move it across with a heavy sinker appended, so as to keep it near the bottom. And as to the manner in which trout take the bait, it may be noticed, that at the first dart they engross the whole hook within their mouths; wherefore, many, knowing this, strike at the moment: the fish then let the bait go, and commence upon the worm more leisurely, killing it with repeated bites before it is finally swallowed.

"For quick striking, a very short line is necessary, not above the length of the rod; this ought always to be kept at its full stretch, and moved in a half circle with the angler. It requires some degree of perception to know the exact instant when the fish first seizes your bait; it does so with such softness, and with no likeness of a tug, as one is apt to imagine; nay, it merely closes its jaws upon the hook, as a gaping oyster would do upon one's finger. Then is your opportunity for striking; if you neglect it, you allow the trout its more leisurely process of nibbling, and its chances of escape. In striking with the short line, do it sharply, and never against the current, but rather with it, in a diagonal direction, and not too high. The reason of this advice is obvious, for all fish feed with their heads pointing up the stream—kindly giving you the choice of pulling the hook into or out of their mouths; the latter of which purposes you accomplish, to a dead certainty, by striking against the current. This whip-jack manner of bait-fishing is very deadly with an experienced hand. The long-line anglers make nothing of their method comparatively; and yet, among clear waters, and where fish are few, or bite shyly, patience and a long line will carry the day. Remarkably fine gut ought to be used by all ground anglers, whatever be the practice.

"To all bait-fishers, Scotland affords excellent sport; her rivers run so strongly, and are maintained by so many sources in the shape of mountain burns. These romantic streamlets abound in trout; every stone shelters its inhabitant, and the meanest pool is peopled with numbers. Burn fish, however, are generally of a small size; they seldom exceed a pound in weight, except in the spawning season, when larger ones ascend from broader streams, or lochs at a distance. Still the taking of them is a pleasant pastime, especially when they bite eagerly at your worm, as they do during rain and in discolored water. At such times you have only to drop your bait without art, and the fish will manage its own ruin.

"In ground-fishing for salmon, use lob-worms, fresh from the earth, and not toughened or prepared in any way. Angle with a long line, and give time before striking; you will fix him at the second or third tug.

"Akin to this sort of angling is roe-fishing, concerning which, we remark, that in autumn it is the most fatal method of capturing trout, and is growing much into practice in the south of Scotland. The roe is procured generally from the grilse of salmon, and used either in a raw state, made into paste, or salted entire. We give the following receipt for salting roe.—Procure some pounds of the freshest—notice that it be red and firm; take off the membrane and broken parts; wash the spawn in luke warm milk and water, carefully separating the individual particles; beat together three parts of fine salt, and one of saltpetre, and rub the whole carefully with the mixture, in the proportion of an ounce and a quarter to the pound of roe; spread it thus prepared over a flannel cloth until quite dry and tough; then stow it in pots, and run the top over with lard to exclude the air. This preparation will keep good for a long time. In making paste, parboil and pound the roe, salting it with the same mixture as we have just described. One great object is to preserve and heighten the natural color of the spawn, a somewhat difficult matter we confess, and yet seemingly known better in England than here, where it is more angled with, and procured in greater quantities.

"In angling, cover the point of your hook with a piece of roe cut with a knife, as large as a horse-bean, taking care, while attaching it, not to crush the ova; and employ a short line, striking quickly. Always fix upon one stream, and keep to it; you are not diminishing the number of fish near you, catch them as rapidly as you may. Some anglers previously bait the ground by throwing in a handful or two of spawn. This attracts and keeps the fish to the spot. Turbid and swollen waters are the best for roe-fishing, and your likeliest month is October.

"We now come to treat of minnow fishing, by far the pleasantest method of capturing trout, next to angling with the fly. If you wish to engage in this pleasant sport, provide your minnows by means of a small drag-net or hook. Select those of a moderate size, and which shine whitest. They may be salted, but are best perfectly fresh. Fish in rapid streams, also in deep discolored pools, and during a smart curl. Manage your minnow as you would your fly, throwing it down and across as far as you are able: bring it towards you about six inches or more below the surface, spinning rapidly by the aid of several swivels. When a fish rises, give him time before you strike; let him turn and gorge the bait, then strike sharply, and he is yours: all fly-fishers are apt to strike too soon, and miss the fish.

"Trout seize a minnow by the middle or near the head, and you generally hook them on the upper hooks. In rivers where numbers of minnows are found, you must angle with the very smallest, not above an inch in length, and use a proportionate tackle. The trout in such waters love delicate tit-bits, and are absurdly nice in their feeding. Artificial minnows are sometimes employed by anglers, but generally fail, except in muddy waters and lochs.

"Trolling with par for large trout is a glorious pastime, especially on a Highland loch, circled with mountain scenery—the craft of nature by incantation wrought, when the morning stars sang together. It needs intellect to enjoy it well, and a poet's heart to know its luxury. Take with you some choice and idle spirit, a rower he must be that can manage your airy shallop as the winds do a weathercock—can chant a ballad of yore of ladye and chieftain, and prank some elf and kelpie wild—can speak to the echoes and to yourself, cheering you with wit and wisdom, and admiring your science and skill; and the gorgeous fish you are playing, twenty fathoms off, with a strong and steady hand, your heart 'high fluttering the while, like woman's when she loves.'

"Tackle for trolling should be dressed upon tried gimp. Bait as you do with a minnow: use a strong rod, heavy lead, and a long line of oiled cord, wound upon an easy reel. Choose a sunny day, with a stiffish breeze, and troll near but not among the weediest parts of the loch. Plant yourself at the boat stern, and get rowed gently at the rate of three miles an hour, letting out from twenty to thirty yards of line betwixt you and your bait. Trout from six to nine pounds weight cause the best sport when hooked: a larger one seldom leaps or makes any violent exertion to escape; he swims sullenly, and at ease, regarding the angler with a sort of sovereign contempt. You must row after him, and turn him if you can before he gets among weeds; never slack your line for an instant, and look well about you. Land as soon as you are able, and play him from the shore. Your companion will assist you at the death."

Townsend did not complete his task of walking 100 miles in 24 hours, and we understand he is matched to make another trial of the same Herculean task.

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* From this same treatise, it would appear that angling is a more industrious and devout employment than it is generally considered. "For when ye purpose to go on your disportes in fishynge, ye will not desyre greatlye many persons with you, which might let you of your game. And that ye may serve God devoutly in saying effectually your customable prayers. And thus doyng, ye shall eschew, and also avoyde many vices as ydleness, which is a principal cause to induce man to many other vices, as it is right well known."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1836.

CITY THEATRICALS.

The past week has been one big with events in the theatrical world; no less than five theatres were thrown open to the public on Monday, and, with a single exception, they have been nightly filled ever since. At the *Park*, POWER presented his credentials as Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, the Irish Ambassador, and was accredited *viva voce*. He is nothing altered since he left us, and plays with the same ease and spirit as he was wont. Being called for when the curtain fell, he came forward, and in a very pertinent and happy address, expressed his acknowledgments and the pleasure he felt at seeing himself surrounded on all sides by so many of his trans-atlantic friends. The audience was in great spirits, and the old favorites in the stock company were warmly greeted as they presented themselves. The receipts were about $1700. During the recess, the theatre has been partially re-painted, and a new drop curtain, by EVERS, adds much to the *coup d'œil* of the house. It is one of his happiest efforts.

The *National* opened on Monday with BOOTH as Shylock. An immense crowd was assembled in front of the theatre, and the moment the doors were opened, a living stream poured in, and soon filled every nook and cranny of this magnificent dramatic temple. Before the play commenced, seats were not to be had for love or money, and hundreds retired, unable to procure tickets. The opening address was delivered with great effect by Mrs. Flynn, who made every point tell with great force. Booth's Shylock was a masterly piece of acting; indeed, since the days of Kean, nothing equal to it has been heard on the English stage. The company appeared to great advantage, and will improve as the members become familiarized with each other. The Wandering Minstrel and the Man with the Carpet Bag introduced Messrs. Howard, Plumer, and Mitchell, who appear destined to become great favorites with the New Yorkers. The first is a comedian, very much in BURTON's style; he has a fine voice and a good figure, and would be an acquisition to any company. PLUMER, as a vocalist, ranks deservedly high, and he is a clever actor to boot. His songs were vociferously encored. MITCHELL, as the Wandering Minstrel, made a palpable hit. He is a capital loafer, of JOHN SEFTON's school, of whom he reminds one constantly. We must not forget the orchestra at this house; it is really one of the best in the country. FLYNN, the acting manager, was called out after the play, and made a famous speech; we forget what it was all about, but he got three cheers for it.

The *Bowery* also commenced its season on Monday, with the immense attraction we alluded to last Saturday. The house was rather "shy," and the performances were a caution altogether. We are told that a regular set-to took place on the stage in the first place, between two of the dramatis personæ. Then somebody undertook to light up the "nursery of native talent" by setting a dressing-room on fire, after which the rowdies in the pit and boxes got up a muss, and were ungrateful enough to signify to Hamblin that they wouldn't stand any more humbug. They took the liberty to say that after having patronized his house until, from not being worth a bad shilling, he had made a fortune, they considered they had some claim upon him for their money's worth. They wanted either some stars or new pieces, and not to be gagged with Rienzi, and all that sort of thing, another season. On the whole, the audience and the manager must have had a pleasant time of it. We hear they baited him like a badger, and finally quarrelled among themselves because a part of Mrs. Herring's had been given to Ann Waring. "Take 'em by and large," the evening's entertainment's went off with great e-*clair*.

The little *Franklin* was not a whit behind the other theatres in the crowded state of its benches. Independent as a clam at high-water, or a journeyman wood-sawyer, who has struck for higher wages, DINNEFORD makes out a good bill of fare—his customers fork up—get their money's worth—give him three cheers, and there's "an end of the worsted," only they keep a-doing so night after night.

Mrs. Hamblin's Theatre, under the management of Charles and Teller, opened with a good old comedy on Monday, and is driving a fair business. Mrs. HAMBLIN is the great card.

On Tuesday, a crammed house at the Park to see Power in Born to Good Luck, and the same at the National, where Booth played Richard. Full at the Franklin. Ditto at *Mrs.* Hamblin's, but mighty scarce at *Mister* Hamblin's, where there was another beautiful pucker, Ingersoll having "become suddenly so indisposed," that nothing short of an engagement at the National will effect a cure. Poor Hamblin! we pity him—almost.

Wednesday night was unparalleled in the theatrical annals in this city for the amounts received at the different houses. The receipts at the Park and National were about $1800 each; the Franklin, $500, (all the house can hold); Mrs. Hamblin's, $450; The Bowery, $360; the people were so scattered at the last, that a bag of peas thrown into the pit or boxes would have hit no one, without he happened to be a stockholder, with a face as long as his arm.

On this evening Mr. FORREST made his first appearance at the Park since his return from Europe. He selected Damon with great good taste, and with the recollection fresh in our mind, of the force and ability he formerly displayed in that arduous character, we must do him the justice to remark that on the present occasion, he fully realized the anticipations of his warmest admirers. His reception was enthusiastic; the pit rose *en masse*, and the whole house reverberated with prolonged cheers. He came forward at the call of the audience after the play, and in sensible and felicitous terms, adverted to his "travel's history," and to his pledge when he left his native land, and concluded by expressing a grateful sense of the consideration of his countrymen, and the hope that his future exertions would more entitle him to their regard.

There was a very crowded and fashionable house at the National on Wednesday, to see Miss CLIFTON's Belvidera. The tragedy was strongly cast, Booth playing Pierre, and Scott, Jaffier. The dress circle was thronged with the beauty and fashion of the town, and the assemblage of critics, editors, and amateurs, who give a tone to public sentiment, reminded one of the debut of Fanny Kemble. Like Knowles's Duchess of Mantua, the fair star of the evening was "a lady of surpassing beauty;" and report said she had returned from her European tour, no less improved in person than in mind, her style chastened, and formed upon more classic models, her taste cultivated, and a new impulse and direction given to her histrionic genius and attainments. Every one was on the *qui vive* to see whether Madame Rumor spoke truly of the beauteous rival of ELLEN TREE.

The house was hushed until the rustle of her sweeping train announced the fair Belvidera, and as she approached the footlights and acknowledged, with "motions graceful as a bird's in the air," the enthusiastic demonstrations of delight which her intellectual features and splendid figure excited, but one feeling, that of admiration, pervaded the audience. As the play proceeded, she contrived in each scene more and more to enlist its sympathies, and before the final close of the tragedy, the tearful eyes of the gentlemen brought their kerchiefs so much into requisition, as to make the scene ludicrous beyond description. In the clustering visions of witching beauty that filled the dress circles, too, might have been recognized many an original of Fanny Kemble's portraiture of her who stood

> ——————"All shrined in loveliness:
> Her white hands clasped, her clustering locks thrown back
> From her high forehead; while in those bright eyes
> Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light!
> That fell from those surpassing orbs as though
> The starry eyes of Heaven wept silver dew."

Miss Clifton's success was most flattering and triumphant. In her the managers of the National have their surest card, for at this moment she is without a rival in the first line of tragedy either in this country or abroad. In Belvidera, her readings evinced unusual taste and judgment, and she struck out several new points, as original as they were brilliant. Her conception of the character was forcible, and her gestures and enunciation almost faultless. The announcement amidst great applause, that she would repeat the character on the following evening, is a compliment that speaks for itself. At the fall of the curtain there was a general call for her, but some gentleman proposing "Three cheers for Miss Clifton!" it was so heartily responded to, that for five minutes the cheering would well nigh have drowned a frigate's broadside.

We said before that the play was strongly cast, but Booth was so hoarse from a cold, that we feared he would break down. He did himself, however, great credit, under the circumstances. SCOTT appeared to more advantage in Jaffier than we ever saw him. Some of his points were exceedingly well conceived and executed.

JOHNSON, the capital representative of old men, from Boston, is engaged at the National, as also INGERSOLL, from the Bowery. What is Hamblin going to do? Miss CUSHMAN is indisposed, and Ingersoll gone. If his affairs do not mend "before soon," we shall positively feel inclined to burthen our conscience with an original sin, and say a good word for him. Mrs. Hamblin is engaged at the National.

We stated in our last, that at considerable inconvenience, the manager of the Park had concluded a limited engagement with Mrs. HODGES, late Miss Nelson, from the South. Those who are at all acquainted with the routine of a large city theatre, must be aware, that at the commencement of a season the nights are filled, and the business made up for a considerable length of time. This is precisely the case with the Park, where so many stars are waiting for their nights, as to render it impossible to make room for another person, except two shall be brought out on the same evening. At the urgent and special request of several individuals, Mr. SIMPSON was induced to offer liberal terms to the lady in question as a star, an act of kindness on his part of which the gentlemen referred to are fully sensible. His terms were accepted, and thus the matter was concluded between the lady's friends and the manager of the Park, but it seems unfortunately, that the lady did not know her own mind, for without any explanation she *declined* an engagement secured at her wish by the interest of her friends, and concluded one with another manager! Comment is superfluous.

On Thursday night Mr. FORREST appeared as Othello at the Park, and Miss CLIFTON repeated the character of Belvidera at the National. Full houses both. Mr. F. now goes to Philadelphia for a few nights. Miss Clifton plays Marianna in the Wife, to-night, (Friday,) a part in which she has few equals and no superiors. Her Belvidera last night was a very brilliant performance.

☞ There will be an interesting subject for the Police reporters here before many days, if we may credit the New Orleans papers. The "American" of that city, under the inviting caption of *Rascality Extra*, furnishes the facts annexed:—

"A fresh imported Frenchman, at New Orleans, was lately introduced into a boarding house there, representing himself to be an *artiste*—a painter of portraits. Monsieur started his business, and on the first and second trials at his art was highly praised and admired for his skill. He proposed to paint the portrait of his landlady without charge, and actually executed her and her three daughters in a group, in exquisite style. The mother and daughters were highly delighted with the picture, and were of course as highly pleased with Monsieur Desmarque. They introduced him to all their friends, and he was quite a favorite with the family. Things went on well for six months, when Monsieur suddenly embarked for New York, in debt to his family about $70 for board; and leaving not only the mother, but two of the daughters, in *rather* an unenviable situation for unmarried women. He had severally promised his hand in marriage to each of the duped females, and on comparing notes, they found themselves all in a *very awkward situation*. Monsieur Desmarque is described as a dapper, dark-complexioned fellow, with neat black whiskers, and he generally dressed in a black frock coat. He is very talkative, and is believed to have a sword wound on his right cheek. Any person in New York who can detect him, will confer a favor by directing a letter to John L. McGimpson.

Red Haired Women are generally truly feminine in their character, warm-hearted, and affectionate. Red haired men are generally intellectual, high spirited and jealous. Two of the best editors in our country (Noah and C. G. Green), are of this complexion. Boston Herald.

This *is* a good one, and how it *will* tickle our friend the Major, whose hair *was* black, until a year or two since, when he had his head shaved, and ever since has worn a red *wig!*

COL. AARON BURR.—The late English papers speak of this gentleman as "the great American *warrior*." He resides in this city, and is now in a very feeble state of health. The Philadelphia Ledger, in alluding to the misery it was alleged the publication of Col. B.'s amatory correspondence would produce in a great number of the most respectable families, remarks:—

"That Colonel Burr was a libertine, is generally believed; that he may have had intrigues with some few females who occupied a position in private and public estimation to which they were not entitled, is by no means improbable; for such instances may be found in all ages and in all countries. But that he or any other man has been involved in extensive and extraordinary intrigues, which, if known would destroy the peace of numerous families, we do not believe; for we repudiate the supposition that such extensive profligacy as this would imply, has ever existed among any class of females in the United States, distinguished or obscure, exalted or humble, rich or poor, who placed any value upon reputation.

The *Cat-Romicon* is the name of a novel and ingeniously contrived musical instrument, lately invented by a "native genius" in one of the western cities, which is described by the Louisiana Journal after this wise:—It consists of a box somewhat resembling a modern martin-box or pigeon house, with eight holes in front; from each of these holes is protruded the head of a cat of a different age; the musician then, by the aid of a treddle, performs the operation of squeezing the tails of the cats, and they, as if delighted with the operation, commence *organizing!* If the inventor of this instrument, which, by the way, is said to discourse most *feline*, has not taken out a patent, we beg to apprise manufacturers in this quarter of the world, that the raw material is so cheap and plenty in this city, that probably they might undersell the western manufacturers of the instrument some twenty per cent, and at the same time realize a handsome business profit.

Mr. FULLER has opened his *Gymnasium* for the season, and is now ready to see his friends. There is no better means of improving the health and invigorating the frame than by the adoption of gymnastic exercises. See advertisement.

Our table is covered with *New Books* from the Harpers and others. They look very readable, but we have not been well enough to get through a single volume. Among them are Greene's History of Italy, the Diary of a Dessennuyee, the Three Eras of Woman's Life, etc. etc.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIS.—The West Point correspondent of the Metropolitan writes that Mr. and Mrs. Willis are staying opposite that place on the other side of the Hudson. He says:—

"She is very pretty at a distance, but not so much when you approach her nearly—perfectly unaffected, and indeed child-like in her manners. She dances with all her heart—it was really delightful to watch her happy countenance.—Her figure and walk are entirely English—her dress is very much objected to, particularly by the gentlemen. I do not know what it is, unless that her bust is very full, and she wears her dress quite too low, as fashions here are, and she has a way of raising her shoulders above it awkwardly; that almost spoils her, otherwise she is a neat looking, unaffected happy creature.

Mr. Willis's face is certainly not handsome, but there is something that I like in it, an intellectual thoughtful expression. He has a remarkably fashionable, easy air—dresses with exceeding good taste—there is no foppery, yet nothing is wanting—perfectly simple and gentlemanly like.

"In our country," exclaimed an Italian, "in our country, sir, we have the ever burning Mount Vesuvius."

"Have you, indeed," replied a son of America, "and in our country we have the Falls of Niagara, which would put it out in five minutes." Albany Daily Adv.

The following toast was given by John Wainwright, of Va., on the 4th ult.:—"Santa Anna—May he be lathered with the electric fluid, and shaved with one of Vulcan's thunderbolts." Rather better treatment than he deserves.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity—"Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got to be too proud to speak to me."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss ELLEN TREE visits the United States at the close of her present Haymarket engagement. It is stated that Mr. PRICE secures her 8,000*l.*, for her services two years.

The Rule of the N. Y. Jockey Club, in relation to Trainers and Riders, we hear will be rescinded at the first assemblage of the Club. Such being the fact, our article on the subject is withheld until we acquaint ourselves if that is undoubtedly to be the case.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," a proverb some of our correspondents have forgotten to remember, if they ever knew it. Twenty of them at least—most of them prosers in rhyme, and the remainder paper stainers merely—are answered in this paragraph.

The *Full Racing Campaign* commences next Tuesday. While we shall devote considerable space to the details, our other readers will find we have not forgotten them. A pen and ink sketch, being the first of our series of *Dramatic Miniature Portraits*, of a distinguished American Tragedian, will grace our columns immediately, and others follow.

Not less than ten communications were received by the mails of Friday morning. As our sheet was already in type, they must lie over until next Saturday.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR PORTER,—We are horribly dull here in the quiet quadrangles of quakers. How you manage to carry on the war in Gotham without a little excitement, is to me surprising. As Jack Rag says, "there is nothing moving but stagnation." We have two or three murders here that ought to keep us alive, but somehow nobody takes any notice of them. A poor foreigner was shot down within two miles of the city some little time ago, and the Governor of Pennsylvania generously offered one hundred dollars reward, but not till after a private citizen had offered two hundred and fifty for the discovery of the murderer. A man was killed on the Germantown road last week, and poor Taylor, the fancy glass-blower, was stabbed in the open street by two negroes—so that altogether, we are doing a pretty fair average business in the murder line—"and all conducted with the strictest secrecy, and no questions asked." As these things go off but tamely, the next *popular excitement* must be of a tearing nature, for "regular rows is riz." What is it to be? Robinson has got over his confinement, thanks to the skill of his man-midwives, and has been safely delivered of his girl. Is he doing as well as can be expected? The Woods have landed in Europe after their obligato movement, and the French indemnity is paid, so we have no chance of a row there. Santa Anna is floored, and the Mexicans seem rather inclined to defer coming again to the scratch to have their tobies tickled by the Texians. With the exception of a stray shot from the Indians, and a trifling of Lynching an Abolitionist from the South, and the weekly list of ten or twelve boilers burst on the Mississippi, we really have nothing interesting or enlivening.

The theatre, Chesnut-street, opened last week for the season, and as the house has been crammed every evening, we may say that it is an auspicious beginning. The additions to the stock company have been the only stars as yet, but the real tip-tops are announced. Mr. Brunton and Miss Morgan appeared as Francis and Diana, in Rob Roy;—the gentleman has a pretty voice, of moderate compass, a figure rather below the usual size, and a modest, unpretending air. He was encored in his first song, and met with much encouragement. Miss Morgan is sister-in-law to Mr. Brough, and like him, has something of a Jewish cast of countenance. She is pretty, and bids fair to be a favorite; but at present, speaks so fast, that it is with difficulty the audience can understand her. Mr. Hamilton appeared as Martin Heywood, in the Rent Day, but had to struggle with the recollection of James Wallack's surpassing excellence in that part. Mr. H. has played several parts since, and evinces considerable talent, which, with a gentlemanly demeanour, and a youthful appearance, will doubtless obtain him the suffrages of the many.

Mr. Lindsay is an actor of great respectability in a difficult line—that which is technically termed walking gentlemen. He is good-looking, genteel, and easy, and we desire nothing more.

Mr. Sidney Pearson, from your city of Gotham, is announced, but as we have not seen him, of course you know more of him than we do.

Mr. Thayer, from the Franklin, and his step-daughter, Miss Alexina Fisher, have joined the establishment. The first is an old favorite, and the latter will soon be a new one.

Mrs. Broad, from Covent Garden, is announced, and report speaks of her as one of the best old women of the day.

These additions to the old favorites, Mesdames Rowbotham, Thayer, Maywood, and Walstein, and Messieurs Wood, Burton, Rowbotham, Maywood, Walton, Cline, Eberle, Watson, &c., form a company that no other theatre can excel.

The public's reception of their favorites, as they individually appeared on the first night, must have been highly gratifying. Burton walked off with the biggest portion, and Mrs. Rowbotham and the veteran Wood were not far behind.

Miss Phillips is to be our first star, but I hope she will be more successful this season with us than she was the last. She is undoubtedly the best actress of the day—[with *one* exception.]

The Walnut-street theatre is announced to open on this Saturday, but I doubt if Wemyss will be able to carry on the war. The theatre is out of repute; it was indicted, at the close of the last season, by the neighboring inhabitants, as a nuisance, and the Grand Jury have found a true bill. The cause will come on for trial during the fall sessions, unless the stockholders of the property have interest enough to quash proceedings in the interim.

Wemyss has not announced who the members of his company are; he has lost many of his old favorites. Murdock, Mr. and Mrs. Muzzy, and Mr. Collingbourne are at Boston—Miss Mary Duff is God knows where—and Hamblin has enticed Miss Waring to the Bowery. She is a first-rater, and her loss will be a severe blow to the manager of the Walnut-street. We may say what we like about native talent and foreign artistes, there is not a sufficient quantity of performers in the country to meet the managers' demands, notwithstanding the recent importations.

The Pennsylvania theatre, in the Northern Liberties, is another of Wemyss's speculations. It is a little affair, under the management of Logan, of Southern celebrity. It will open as soon as they can get a company together.

The London papers announce the marriage of Henry Wallack to Miss Turpin, of the Haymarket and Covent Garden theatres. Let us hope that this second dose of matrimony will sober him down a little. I believe since his *cow*-skinning, he has lost all his *heifer*-vescence.

The Wood affair does not excite much remark in the London papers. The editors generally suppose that Mrs. Conduit is a native actress; but she is English, and rejoiced in the maiden name of Ribbon. By the way, if Wood writes a book about America, will he *spit his spite* in reprobating *our* custom of jerking the saliva?

X.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 24, 1836.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—Being aware of the desire of the numerous friends of this distinguished dramatist—(than whom no professional person that has visited this country has, or deserves, more sincere ones)—to hear at all times, respecting his welfare and circumstances, we avail ourselves of the advantages of some private letters to the editors of this paper, to say that he has been very unsettled since his return to England, owing chiefly to his not having entered into an arrangement with either of the patent theatres; nor have his provincial speculations turned out as well as he had a right to expect. It is strange—and yet experience shows us that it is common—that a man acknowledged among his contemporaries to stand at the head of a noble branch of literature, and whose productions have made the hearts of thousands vibrate wherever the English language is spoken; it is strange, we repeat, that *such a man* should pass along almost as unnoticed and unsupported by his countrymen, as if he were the merest tyro in his art! In the letter before us, Knowles says, "I am almost determined to return to my old trade of teaching elocution in honest, warm-hearted Glasgow"—where he has ever found a glorious exception to the complaint which we have made above. He goes on further to say, "I have not written a line in the way of composition, barring the commencement of a new drama. Of the invitations of my many American correspondents, most kind, to come and see you all again, I would most gladly avail myself if I could; but I fear a visit to America—and I say it with a heart-pang—is very distant. That I shall see that dear country of national dignity once again, at least, before I bid good bye for the great country of all, is my most sincere wish and present intention; but, imperious circumstances, I apprehend, will render its realization remote." In concluding his letter, Mr. Knowles alludes to a publication made in this country respecting his private deportment while in Philadelphia, and of which he says all his correspondents recommend him to take no notice. "As my friends are satisfied, I am satisfied, because I know they are quite as jealous of my character as I myself am—and, perhaps, more so; for where I am satisfied with facts, I am, perhaps, too little studious of appearances." He expresses, in impassioned language, his feelings toward Americans, for the kindness, cordiality, and courtesy he experienced at their hands, and mentions the benefit given to him at the Park theatre in a glowing strain of heart-felt gratitude. Poor Knowles! there is not a man breathing more worthy respect as an author, and affection as a man!

New York Mirror of to-day.

THE WAY THE DRAMA GETS ALONG DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.—Besides their ambulating, or rather aquatic theatre, carried on the platform of a Broad Horn, with all the requisite scenery and appurtenances, they have numerous well constructed edifices on *terra firma*, and all the capitals of the states bordering on the valley, and also sundry Thespian amateur corps and strolling companies of itinerants, each of whom receive a much more substantial reward for their innocent drolleries, in that warm, generous climate, than in the wintry North. The Grand Gulf Advertiser relates a case in point: At the benefit of Mr. Cargill and family, who have been for some time amusing the town, one of his children, on singing between the pieces, was greeted not only with applause, but to use the language, *glittering* evidence of approbation, that fell at his feet in the shape, it is inferred, of divers circular pieces of metal called Spanish milled dollars or American Eagle's of Benton's last coinage, if they were to be had.

Sporting Varieties.

The annual Spring meeting of the Natchez (Miss.) Jockey Club will take place, as usual, in March, probably on the 1st or 2d Wednesday, (certainly not before,) to allow gentlemen also to attend, with their stables, the races at St. Francisville, La. The Secretary of the Club, **Wm. J. Minor**, Esq., himself one of the most spirited turfmen at the South-west, writes that he has forwarded to us a copy of the By-Laws of the Natchez Club, which we regret to say has not come to hand. Mr. M. announces that the following purses will be given at the next meeting:—

First Day, Two mile heats, a Purse of not less than $400
Second Day, Three " " " " " 700
Third Day, Four " " " " " 1200
Fourth Day, Three best in Five, Mile heats, Purse about 600

This last purse is made up of the entrance money of the previous days, and is open for winners as well as other horses. Last year it amounted to $625; the winner clear of entrance money.

By referring to the List of Races and Matches to Come, on our last page, it will be seen that the *Matches* on the Pharsalia Course at Natchez, in the ensuing month of February alone, amount to no less a sum than *Twenty-One Thousand Dollars!*

A gentleman well known on the turf, informed us last week that *Busiris* got some of the finest colts last year he had ever seen. Standing, as he is, in the region of cold blooded mares, where he serves but few that are thorough-bred, likely to add to his reputation, the circumstance deserves to be noted. We are aware that many gentlemen consider Busiris would have been the best four mile horse of his day in proper hands, and several Northern turfmen deem him at this moment one of our very best stallions.

A Kentucky correspondent communicates the important intelligence that *Betsey Malone* has gone stone blind, and has been turned out. We hope, and have reason to believe, the sporting circles of Louisville are misinformed, for we but yesterday received a letter from the owner of Betsey, wherein nothing of the kind was alluded to. We presume this racing nonpareil is still at Natchez, Miss.; she is owned and was in that city at our last accounts.

A turfman from Augusta, Ga., confirms the report of *Bill Austin's* blindness, though he thinks it possible Bill may recover. He is in training at Mr. Winter's stable, and Hammond trusts to bring him round all in good time.

A sporting correspondent writes from Crab Orchard, Ky., that "Gen. Mabry, of Tenn., has accepted the proposition of Mr. Brown, and will meet him at Louisville, on the 20th inst." *What* proposition is here referred to? It cannot be for the *foot race*, we take it, and we have seen none from any gentleman of the name of Brown. J. R. Ward, Esq. made certain propositions to back his filly *Missletoe* against *Lilac* and other Tennessee nags, but they have not been accepted to our knowledge.

The turfmen of Lowndes, Montgomery, Dallas, and Washington Counties, Alabama, have formed themselves into an Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses, to the exclusion from their race tracks of all nags not belonging to the members of their Club. It seems that no member will be admitted residing out of the counties mentioned, so they will keep the purses entirely to themselves. When this "Non intervention Law" goes into effect, we may expect to see it followed on the part of the counties aggrieved by a reciprocal enactment, so that the four that set the example, will be likely to get the worst of it in the end. As Col. Crowell is a resident of Alabama, we advise him for the nonce to become a citizen of one of the refractory counties. If *John Bascomb & Co.* start for their purses, the more they try to keep them the more they can't, and so they will find it. If any game like this is to be carried on, Kirkman, Sumner, Elliott, Jackson, Peyton, Boardman, Mabry, Desha, and the hundred other knowing ones, will show the non-intervention gentlemen a trick worth two of theirs.

Gen. J. A Mabry has started with his stable for Louisville, Ky., from his residence near Knoxville, Tenn. The General's "string" is a hard one to beat; we wish he would continue his winding way North, and show some of his Leviathans on the Union Course this Fall. The "Hunters of Kentucky" will give him something to do, however. His lot consists of *Lilac, Hugh Lawson White, Mary Queen of Scots*, and also a two and a three yrs. old Leviathan filly.

A match, best 3 in 5, will come off at Bardstown, Ky., on Saturday next, 10th inst., for $200 a-side, h. ft., between *Red Jacket*, by Ratler, owned by Young and Noland, and a Bertrand colt, owned by Mr. Bowman.

In speaking of Mr. John C. Stevens' stable a few weeks since, we did not name *Fanti*, a very promising filly, between whom and *Coronet* a match for $5000 a-side is pending. After naming over about a dozen of Mr. S.'s string, we lumped the remainder, but how we overlooked so pretty a filly with so pretty a name as Fanti, among them, is singular enough. If Mr. S.'s stable was but half so good as it is, we should certainly have named her. It is not yet determined whether the match comes off the 1st or 2d meeting.

We understand *Veto* may be trained yet; many think it may be done without danger.

Confidence arrived safe at Liverpool about the middle of July, with harness, sulkey, etc., complete. Taylor's Birmingham mare, *The Lady*, will give him a hard brush. The trotting humbugs about town would not "jump Jim Crow" if she should beat him in a twenty mile match. We do not believe she can, though, notwithstanding she challenged the American Trotters *without* excepting *Edwin Forrest!*

The trotting match in Boston against time, which has excited so much remark, was to this effect:—$1000 was offered on time that a gentleman could not drive a horse 25 miles in 100 minutes; it was performed in 96 minutes. The horse was driven from Boston to Salem and back. Owing, not to a want of attention, so much as veterinary skill, the noble animal died from over exertion. The moment the match was over he should have been bled a few ounces, and drenched with adulterated spirits of wine or other exciting drink—then dressed warm and exercised sufficiently to keep him in a profuse perspiration. The Bostonians do not deserve to possess so fine an animal if their veterinary surgeons cannot prescribe for so plain a case of mere hard driving.

A gentleman has left on sale on sale, at Tattersalls, a pair of handsome young carriage horses; they are bays, well matched, of fine size, long water spout tails, and perfectly kind in harness. A capital opportunity for an investment.

☞ The first Fall meeting on the *Centreville Trotting Course*, L. I., will commence on the last week in Sept., and continue three days.

"Appomattox Jockey Club."

Why not call things by their right names? Where is a stranger to find the "Appomattox Jockey Club," or "the Mount Clement Jockey Club?" The fact is, such clubs are not in existence; but the *Tappahannock Jockey Club* holds its meetings on the Mount Clement Estate, which is owned by "J. P. White, Esq., Proprietor," and by reference to Mitchell's map of Virginia, 1835, it will be seen where Tappahannock is situated, and how very come-at-able for racers from Maryland, as well as Virginia; for no better steamboat floats than the weekly boat from Baltimore to Fredericksburg.

I would advise proprietors not to change the names of clubs without the consent of the club itself; and for clubs to fix on names of places on the map nearest to the course.

I refer you to the Richmond Whig of the 19th ult. for J. P. White's Bill of Fare, and am confident the meeting is to be well attended, and unusually interesting from the matches and silver to be run for.

A Member of the Tappahannock Jockey Club.
——, Va., Aug. 24th, 1836.

☞ The Tappahannock Jockey Club races commence 20th September, and continue four days.

Remark.—In the Spirit of the Times' List of Races and Matches to come, we long ago placed the time of meeting of the *Tappahannock* Jockey Club, and also the record of the date when the match (*Isaac Cline* vs. *Robin Brown*) was to come off. Thus it stood until in the Richmond papers the other day we saw the proprietor's advertisement of the *Appomattox* J. C., when we at once altered our record, to be in accordance with the card of the proprietor. To day we have again altered the name of the club at the suggestion and for the reasons urged by our correspondent, and, with the leave of the parties interested, shall suffer it to remain as we recorded it originally.—Editor.

BLAINVILLE, L. C. RACES.

The Montreal Herald gives the subjoined report of the Blainville, Lower Canada, Races, which came off on the 15th and 16th of August:

The first race, contested by Canadian horses, for a purse of thirty shillings, entrance five shillings, one mile heats—eight horses entered. Baptiste, the property of Mr. St. Louis, of St. Rose, was the winner; five of the horses were distanced. The second race was to have been contested by thorough-bred horses, bred in the Province; five dollars given by the stewards, and five dollars entrance money. Mr. Fletcher's mare, Bourdon Lass, was the only one entered, but the stewards, not wishing to lose the sport, agreed that Mr. Scott's grey mare, though bred in the Upper Province, should compete with Bourdon Lass—Mr. Scott's mare gained the race. The third race was run by Mr. Richards' horse Flying Childers, and Mr. Provandie's brown mare, for a purse of five pounds, entrance money five dollars, mile heats; Mr. Provandie's mare gained the first heat, and as Flying Childers had thrown his rider, his proprietor would not allow him to run the second heat. *Second day.*—A purse got up on the course by the stewards, for Canadian horses, for which five entered. The same horse which gained the first race on the previous day, Baptiste, the property of Mr. St. Louis, of St. Rose, was the winner. For the Ladies' purse of five pounds, and five dollars entrance, three horses were entered; Mr. Provandie's brown mare, Mr. Richards' horse Flying Childers, and Mr. Scott's grey mare; the latter was withdrawn after the first heat, and Flying Childers came in winner. A Canadian saddle and bridle were run for by Mr. John Morris's black horse Whiskey, and Mr. Turgeon's mare, one mile heats, won by the latter. Mr. Turgeon, immediately after gaining the race, offered the saddle and bridle to be run for by Canadian horses; five entered, and Mr. St. Louis's horse Baptiste was the winner. After the race one of the stewards was called in to get up a ball, which was immediately arranged, and in the evening about thirty couples assembled, and spent a most pleasant evening. The names of the Stewards are Messrs. J. A. Lacroix, James Porteous, Neil Scott, W. H. Scott, and A. Kempton.

A Boston gentleman undertook upon a wager a few days since to drive his horse from East Boston to Salem and back again, a distance of twenty-six miles in one hundred minutes. He accomplished the feat in ninety-seven minutes, but the horse died in a short time. The bet was five hundred dollars. Some of the Boston Editors speak of the transaction indignantly, and one of them says, "the feelings of a civilized community should cause the finger of scorn to be pointed at him who so outrages humanity." Courier & Enquirer.

A great deal of very commendable indignation has been thrown away upon the cruelty of the "Boston gentleman" referred to above, and not altogether without reason. The "finger [of scorn]," however, is pointed directly the wrong way in this case, as we have seen it upon guide boards in the country, after some malicious wag had shifted their situations on the post. The horse, of course, was in tip top condition, or he never could have performed the feat, and his ability to do so is ample evidence that with proper care *after the match*, he might have been entirely recovered in a few hours from any apparent fatigue. There was no *cruelty* in the fact that the horse was driven 26 miles in one hour and thirty-seven minutes, for he was in a high state of training, and had an experienced New York or Philadelphia trainer been in attendance, to prescribe the usual course of treatment in such cases, the horse would have been as well and as fresh as ever in twenty-four hours. It was cruel, however, to attempt so herculean a task without the ability to revive the sinking energies of the spirited animal, which the exercise of a common acquaintance with the veterinary art would have accomplished with the utmost ease and safety.

BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

Batesville, Arkansas, Aug. 7th, 1336.

Dear Porter,—*One paper in twenty-two days!* Go it, Amos!—If, however, *fifteen* on Old Nick, that I sent a few weeks ago reaches you, I shall stand my own disappointments like a Georgia major, for you editors can't *grind* without the *truck*. [No, and we fear we shall have to grind *minus* Old Nick's 15 yr. old monster in the present instance, for it has not turned up yet.—Ed.]

The *colt race*, that is to come off in these parts next month, is all the rage, and lots of all sorts and shapes of cattle are undergoing the *sweat*. A *Volcano* filly, entered by Caldwell, and a *Stratton*, vulgarly called *Walk-in-the-water*, owned by Egner, are the favorites. The first, for the race, the last, for the first heat. Bunkum don't say much, but the way he planks it up on the Stratton for the first heat is cruel.

Poor *little Smith*, of whom I made mention in a former letter, has gone the way of all flesh. He was arrested by an officer, resisted, and was killed. The great wonder to all who knew him was, that he should have escaped so long. A nuisance to society, a pest to his friends, and occasionally a terror to his family; yet, with all these against him, he possessed many redeeming virtues. He was kind and warm-hearted, and once in a while made a display of *bravery*, amounting almost to *chivalry*.—Peace to his ashes!

Is there no chance for another open match between the North and South?—[Just wait until October, that's all.]—Could not matches be made for one, two, three, and four mile heats? With the lots of good "'uns" both sides have, the *thing* might certainly be done. What has become of Clara Howard?—[She's in train, and fine as silk.]—Has Admiral recovered?—[No.]—And cannot another match be made between him and Margaret Armistead? [There is one for $5000—she will get the forfeit.]

Will you have a *snake* story? a true one, by the by:—Some years ago, a company of mounted volunteers were ascending the "American Bottom;" they encamped for the night. A big, fat fellow had occasion to go to the woods. The moment he squatted, up he sprung, and broke to camp in violent agony, from a *snake bite*. The physician was called, hartshorn and other remedies were applied—the man groaned with pain—the prints of the teeth were there—the rapid swelling was visible to many—but one opinion prevailed as to the result—*the man must die*. Again he was forced to the woods, "live or die." He scraped away a place—again he broke to camp—a fresh print of snake teeth was visible. His agony increased, and from being swollen, he was now fairly bloated. One of the spectators happened to cast his eye at his feet;—"You d—d fool, your spurs have stuck into you." The mystery was explained—the swelling subsided—and the man recovered from the *bite*. Truly yours, N.

Complete American Stud Book and Turf History.

☞ A new and interesting work, conforming in its contents to the above title, is now in the press and will soon make its appearance. It will connect the links from the origin of the blood horse, to the importations in this country, giving the elite of the English Stud Book, with historical notes, catalogues of English stallions—of Leger, Derby and Oaks winners—of best brood mares and their produce, both English and American—of imported stallions and mares—pedigrees of many thousand American horses—notes as to race courses, speed both in England and America, and a complete American racing calendar for several years back, coupled with references to the American Turf Register, for the memoirs of renowned horses, etc., to which it will serve as a general index. Such we understand will be the general contents of a work much needed by the breeders of thorough bred horses and the friends of the Turf.

The zeal and extensive knowledge and materials of those who have contributed to the compilation of a work, until now but partially attempted, the assurance may be felt that it will be one of great interest, full of facts and anecdotes both entertaining and valuable—a book which will, in fact, be indispensible to the breeder and sportsman, and a desirable accession to every gentleman's library. It will be printed in Washington, and may be expected to appear in the ensuing month.

Character of Shiel's Oratory.—Distinguished as the member for Tipperary was as a speaker before, he has risen vastly during the present session; in Macauley he certainly found a rival near his throne; but that rival is far away, making something more substantial than brilliant speeches, (the solid pudding, not the barren laurels), and if doubt ever existed on the subject, Mr. Shiel may now be safely characterised as the first parliamentary orator of the day. O'Connell exceeds him in pathos and easy versatility—passing readily from "grave to gay, from lively to serene;" but still there is a sameness about his best efforts, which after a time blunts the edge of the impression he so uniformly makes upon every audience new to his peculiar oratory. In place of a first-rate orator, I would say he is a first rate actor, qualified to shine in a limited number of well-cast parts. Mr. Shiel, on the other hand, scarcely ever repeats himself; the pure ore of his mind, if not exhaustless, lies embedded a thousand fathoms down, and there is a freshness, variety, and originality in every appearance he makes, alike unequalled and extraordinary. His temper, too, and manner soften the severity of the most cutting irony he was ever known to utter, and when once you get habituated to the tone of his voice, it is delightful to listen to him.

London Correspondent of Dumfries Courier.

ENGLISH SPORTING ITEMS.

Goodwood Races.—These races take place on Wednesday next and the two following days, and if all the races come off that are mentioned in the list, will be productive of an extraordinary quantity of first-rate sport. The following programme contains enough to satisfy the most eager devotee of pleasure:—Wednesday: Drawing-room Stakes (Elis the favorite), Lavant Stakes (Brother to Hester and Chadlington the favorites), the Innkeepers Plate, Members' and Ladies' Plate of £100, and two matches, the Plates being "heats" races.—Thursday: Goodwood Stakes, King's Plate, Cowdray Stakes, and City Plate of 100*l*. (heats).—Friday: Gold Cup, Racing Stakes (Elis the favorite), Molecomb Stakes (Defender the favorite), Duke of Richmond's Plate of 100*l*., Duke of Beaufort's Gold Cup of 100 sovs, and a match.—Among the horses already arrived, or on the road, are a two-year-old colt by Redgauntlet, out of Marmora, Candia, 2 yrs, Toga, Hornsea, Silenus, Whimsical, Lyrnessus, Esmeralda, Royal George, Idiot, Ethilda, Skirmisher, colt by Ringanee, out of Babel, Sepoy, Rockingham, Rush, Pussy, Haveldar, Elizando, Louisa, Felix, Bran, Jacob Faithful, Fair Jane, Neva colt, Ascot, Bampfylde, Knobstick, Ringlet, Roadster, Taglioni, Morpeth, Advocate, Oberon, Venison, Ruinous, Tiber, Alfred, Lady Anna, Toss Up, Arbaces, Flush filly, Fortuna filly, Foozool, The Drummer, Chapeau d'Espagne, Tauntonian, Partner, &c. Those who mean to post it will do well to take the Epsom line, which will be found well appointed in every respect.

Leicester Pony Races took place a few days ago, and afforded most excellent sport; we have not space for details.

American Trotting Sweepstakes at Lee.—A correspondent referring to these Sweepstakes, advertised in our last, says:—"The entrance money is, as it ought to be, a small sum, so as to be within the reach of all. To be handicapped is also quite right, but, being the first undertaking of the sort, I think a ratio of weight ought to be published in your valuable journal as soon as possible, so that those who intend entering may know nearly the weight they will have to carry, and enable them to be prepared with a jockey, which, as it now stands, would be impossible. Trotting jockies not being so numerous as racing, the difficulty must be insurmountable, and the weights not being declared until eleven o'clock the morning of starting, it would be 50 to 1 if he would even be able to start; and if he did, the jockey he might select would be foreign to his horse's mouth, action, pace, &c., which is well known to all trotting men to be a considerable drawback, and, of course, reduce the chance of winning, whereas the contrary might be the result if the rider was acquainted with his horse. Why not let the entry close, so that the horses entered, with their respective weights, &c. might be published on the Sunday previous? and thereby give the public an opportunity of judging. In racing, the acceptances are always known, and why not in trotting? The post entrance savors a little of legerdemain, or 'keep it dark,' in which case the sport can never become popular. I would beg to propose the following weights—to 13 hands, a feather; 13 hands 1 inch, 7st; and 9lbs for each inch above. Winners of a Sweepstakes 14lbs extra." Bell's Life in London.

Four-oared Match for Five Hundred Pounds a-side, between the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards.—An interesting four-oared match took place on Tuesday last from Vauxhall to Putney, between gentlemen belonging to the Grenadiers and Coldstream Guards, the stakes being, as we are given to understand, 500*l*. a-side. The gentlemen composing the crew of the Coldstream were Captains Drummond, Villiers, Newton, and Brand; and that of the Grenadiers, Colonel Greenwood, Captains Foley, Vansittart, and another gentleman. For some time past the match had been the subject of much conversation among the noblemen and gentlemen frequenting Whitehall, and the result was looked forward to apperently with much anxiety by numberless other parties, friends of the respective crews. Two beautifully constructed four-oared boats had been selected, and the gentlemen were frequently out in them on the river,—Coombes, the winner of the Duke of Buccleuch's Sovereigns, being retained to steer the Grenadiers, and Joseph Brumwell the Coldstream. Betting was 2 to 1 on the latter, and many made almost certain of their proving victorious. About five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon they took their stations at Vauxhall Bridge, the Coldstream being in shore. In going away the Coldstream took the lead, their opponents waiting closely on them, and off the Spread Eagle they came alongside. A tremendous struggle ensued; but in a few minutes the Grenadiers drew the draft by the others outside, went in advance, and gallantly maintained the lead throughout the remaining distance, winning by about 200 yards. Coombes showed much generalship in his steerage. A four-oared cutter, manned by the gentlemen of the Fusileer Guards, now stationed at Windsor, came from thence to witness the match.

A match at pigeon-shooting, 20 birds each, was shot at Chalk Farm, on Tuesday, for £35 aside, between Mr. Hide and Mr. Dawse—the former won by killing 11 birds out of his 20.

Match Against Time from Margate to London.—Mr. Robinson, who lately rowed from London to Gravesend and back, has made another match against time, viz.:—To row, in conjunction with a waterman, double sculls—from Margate Pier to London Bridge in twelve successive hours. The match is to come off on or before the 1st day of September. The distance is about 90 miles, but this is a secondary consideration compared with the fact that they will have to row nearly five hours out of the twelve against tide. We have not heard the exact amount of odds that Mr. Robinson has taken with the parties who have backed time against him, but at Lyon's Rooms, on Thursday, 5 to 1 was offered in favor of time, which was ultimately taken in tens. The friends of Mr. Robinson think he ought to have been satisfied with the reputation he gained in his Gravesend match, and not to risk his laurels in an undertaking which abounds with so much difficulty and danger as to render the successful termination of it, if not impossible, at least extremely doubtful. Mr. Robinson has commenced training for the match, and we presume that Ben Lewis is the waterman chosen to accompany him, as we have lately seen them constantly on the river together. Nothing but a dead calm throughout the distance will give them a chance of winning; even then they will find the tide swell in many parts quite enough to encounter. A steamer and attendant cutters will be brought into requisition on this occasion.

Ned Brown (the Sprig of Myrtle), and the Chelsea Doctor.—This fight came off on Tuesday last, but not without interruption. The men first met at Greenford Green. Brown, seconded by Bevans and a stranger, and "the Doctor" by Stocks and Bill Carter. They had scarcely "opened the ball," however, when "a beak" made his appearance, and a move took place to Moulsey Hurst, where, after a desperate combat of one hour and fifty minutes, "the Doctor" so completely physicked "the Sprig," that he was placed "hors de combat," and gave in.—A fresh match we hear has been made between these heroes for £5 a-side, the Sprig fancying that "the sap" is still in him, and that he will be able to redeem his laurels.

The sale of the late Duke of Gordon's stud of greyhounds, setters, &c., black trotting mare, &c., took place on Thursday at Tattersall's and, as might have been expected, from their very high character, attracted an immense number of noblemen and gentlemen. The mare (winner of the trotting stakes at Northampton) was sold to Lord Alvanley for 185 gs., and although nearly 16 years old, was considered cheap. The setters fetched astonishing high prices, and some of the greyhounds sold exceedingly well. We select the principal lots. Setters,—Young Regent, 72 gs; Crop, 60 gs; Duke, 34 gs; Juno, 34 gs; Satan, 56 gs; Duchess, 37 gs; Random, 35 gs; Bell, 34 gs; Princess, 25 gs; and two puppies, 15 gs each.—Greyhounds,—Horatio, 8 gs; Bachelor, 5½ gs; Vestrips (with six whelps), 11 gs; Vaultress, 51 gs; Victrix, 21 gs; Victor, 30 gs; Volant, 41 gs; Venus, 15 gs; Heather Bell 11 gs; Highland Laddie, 22 gs; Highland Lassie, 20 gs; Vivid, 37 gs; Valiant 20 gs; and Vesper, 21 gs (the last three are puppies). The whelps went low. Retrievers,—Bess, 46 gs and her puppies; Rover, 23 gs; and Diver, 42 gs. Deer Hounds,—Roden, a remarkably fierce and powerful German blood-hound, 16 gs; Tigress, an Indian blood-hound, 6 gs; Fly, 10 gs; and Blue Bell (a puppy), 6 gs. A spaniel realised 15½ gs, and five Scotch terriers, 63 gs. The trotting mare has plenty of work left in her if moderately used.

Townsend's Match.—A Correspondent informs us that Townsend did not do more than 80 miles of his late 160 miles match, which he was to have done in 24 hours. Bell's Life in London.

Not Bad.—A green, good natured, money-making, up-country Jonathan, who said everything drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony; having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a green horn country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that, "it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that," after tieing the knot, he said he believed it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he would omit that also. "it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that." The ceremony being ended, Jonathan took the squire by the button-hole, and clapped his finger to his nose, said, "*squire*, its customary to give the magistrate five dollars—*but I bleve I'll omit that!*" Balt. Trans.

"A few days since I was much amused by observing, on the corners of the streets, advertisements containing a notice of a "church for sale or to let." This announcement reminded me of a joke, connected with old S——, of Burlington, who was noted for keeping in his store the most incongruous assortment ever offered for sale. A wag once bet with a friend that he would inquire for some knick-knack which Jemmy could not supply. The bet was clinched, and the two proceeded to the shop of the old antiquarian.

"Friend S——," said the quiz, "have you on hand a good second-hand pulpit?"

"Yes, sir," replied the unsuspecting shop keeper, without the least idea of there being anything uncommon in the question—"yes, sir, I bought one yesterday from the Trustees of the Methodist church, who are about fixing up the interior of their meeting house."

So saying, he showed them to the barn, where this most curious article of trade had been deposited. The winner laughed—the loser bit his lip and paid the wager—while Jemmy's character became more firmly established than before."

Varieties.

REWARD OF GALLANTRY.

Shakspeare himself did not contrive any situation so awkward and ludicrous in his Falstaff, in his Merry Wives of Windsor, as the one described in the following article from a French paper:

"A shoemaker living in this town, was struck with the charms of the wife of a house-painter, his neighbor, who, after a fortnight's solicitation, determined to acquaint her husband with the fact. This she did, and her husband immediately comprehended the reason of his rival coming every day to his house to buy a certain moveable cupboard from him. They both determined to be revenged, and concerted measures accordingly. The same evening the gallant arrived more gay and more smart than ever. The wife told him that her husband had gone out of town to get 200 francs paid him from a person who was his debtor; and, therefore, the gallant commenced his suit anew, employing by turns a little amorous persuasion, and sometimes a little gentle force. The wife remained impassive, and on a sudden answered him that he had a strong smell of leather about him, but that if he would consent to take a bath first, then perhaps she would not say no. The gallant agreed, and entered a tub indicated by the fair one. While in the midst of the operation the husband returned, knocked loudly at the door, and the wife persuaded the unhappy gallant to enter just as he was into the cupboard which he had pretended a desire to purchase. The husband came in, cursed his stars for not having been able to get his money, and declared that the very next morning he would carry the cupboard to his friend the shoemaker, and sell it to him for 200f. So saying, he locked the door of it and put the key into his pocket. Next morning, the cupboard was carried to the shoemaker's door, and placed opposite to it, while his wife came down stairs to inquire what had become of her husband. The painter replied that he did not know, but that he had brought home the cupboard, which he had bought of him for 200f.; so saying, he put the key in the door and opened it, when, in a moment, there shot out of it a man quite naked, all over red, with his hair on end, who started off like a wild beast into his own shop. His wife called out for help, and the shop boys came and soundly belabored the poor devil till he succeeded in making himself known. His punishment had been long and severe; his bath had been well mixed with glue and red ochre, and the figure of the poor shoemaker may be more easily imagined than described. He has never shown his face out of his shop since."

OBEYING ORDERS--AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

Many years ago, there lived in Western Pennsylvania, general ——, a revolutionary worthy, who had done the State some service. He united with the courage and chivalry of the soldier, an impetuous and positive temper, which brooked no contradiction of his word or disobedience of his orders. Ploughing one day on his farm, one of the horses became restive and intractable; whereupon the testy Cincinnatus struck him so violently on the head, that the animal fell lifeless at his feet. On seeing a favorite steed, lately full of life and spirit, stretched on the ground, his rage was changed to regret and self reproach; but knowing nothing better to be done, he disengaged the harness and went to his house. He sent for a fellow who did odd jobs about the neighborhood, to go into the field, where he would find the horse, and skin him forthwith and take his hide to the tanners.

"What! Roney dead?" inquired the man.

"Dead or alive, what's that your business?" exclaimed the general, with characteristic violence; "go, do as I bid you, and never ask *me* questions."

The man accordingly went to do his business, and after considerable time returned for his pay.

"Well, Jake, what do you ask?"

"Why, only three quarters, gineral!"

"Three d—ls! I'll not pay it."

"But, stop a bit, gineral, it isn't much considering my trouble. I don't ax for the skinning alone, but then such a work as I had to catch—"

"Fire and furies! Jake!—catch him! was Roney alive?"

"Aye gineral, alive and kicking; and a pretty hot chase I had to give him round the field, before I got a chance to knock him down—"

"What, you infernal scoundrel, did you kill him?" exclaimed the veteran, bursting with rage.

"Yes sir; you know I could not skin him alive!"

"You diabolical villain: I'll kill *you*—"

"Oh, don't gineral, don't," cried Jake, effecting a retreat: "there's no law, as far as I know, agin killing your horse, though it mought be murder if you'd kill me. Besides, you know, I always obey military orders."

ATTEMPTED SALE OF A WIFE AT NEW YORK!

The Sun relates the following incident. It is another and most melancholy evidence of our obligation to England for supplying us with paupers, and oppressing us with the refuse of her parishes:—

"On Saturday afternoon an Englishman, who said his name was Jehiel Jones, that he was a mason by trade, and had arrived here with his wife and family, early the present month, made his appearance in the vicinity of the horse market with his wife, whom he had tied by the arm with a handkerchief, and who walked a little in his rear, with downcast eyes, and her hands clenched before her. Behind them both, followed three little children, apparently of the ages of 5, 4, and 3 years, the middle one a boy, barefooted and in rags. The clothing of the mother, who was in her stocking feet, though ragged, appeared cleanly; her hair was smoothly disposed of, and her appearance was decidedly to her advantage. She might have been 28 years old, but not more; the husband was perhaps five years her senior. In this fashion they walked about in the vicinity of the market more than an hour before they were spoken to by any person, though the singularity of their appearance and movements attracted the notice of a good many. Curiosity finally prompted several individuals to accost them, and in reply to their queries Jones stated that he had brought his wife there to sell, to provide means for rescuing the children from starvation. He was somewhat surprised when told that such things were not tolerated here, and said it was often done in England, even against the consent of the wife; and as Mrs. Jones had acceded to the measure for the sake of her starving little ones, he appeared to think it particularly hard that it could not be done here. Quite a large collection of persons, attracted by the novelty of the thing, soon gathered about them, amongst whom a contribution, amounting to nearly six dollars, was made and presented to them—which sum they appeared to consider almost a princely fortune. One of the gentlemen present gave this distressed family a shelter in his barn, till something better could be done for them, and they were soon supplied by families in the vicinity with food and covering sufficient to make them comfortable over Sunday.

"It appeared from their statement that they had been transported to this country by the parish authorities of Bristol, by whom they had been maintained for several months, a white swelling on his leg having disabled the father from labor. He is now, however, already recovered from his lameness, and will soon be able to go to work, of which he soon will have abundance, and good pay."

REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES.

We believe the following to be a complete list of the principal battles fought during the war of the revolution, with the exception of a few in the Southern states.

Schenectady Democrat.

Battle of Concord, April 19	1775
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17	1775
Battle of Old Hampton, (Va.) where we took five decked vessels, some time in November ——	1775
Battle of the Great Bridge, near Norfolk, (Va.) Dec. 18	1775
Battle of Long Island, August 27	1776
Battle of Fort Washington, November 17	1776
Battle of Fort Lee, November 19	1776
Battle of Trenton, when 1000 Hessians were captured, December 26	1776
Battle of Princeton, January 2	1777
Battle of Bennington, August 16	1777
Battle of Brandywine, September 11	1777
Battle of Germantown, October 4	1777
Burgoyne's army taken near Saratoga, October 17	1777
Battle of the Red Banks, October 22	1777
Battle of Monmouth, June 28	1778
Battle of Stony Point, July 16	1779
Battle of Camden, August 19	1780
Battle of Cowpens, January 17	1781
Battle of Guilford, (N. C.) March 15	1781
Massacre at Groton, (Conn.) September 6	1781
Battle of Eutaw Springs, September 9	1781
Battle of King's Mountain, October 7	1781
Cornwallis and his army taken, October 19	1781

A gentleman communicates the following phenomenon to the editors of the Georgetown Union, for the speculation of the *curious* and *inquisitive*. He says:—"On the 3d inst. a deer was shot and killed by my neighbor, W. C. Bellune, Esq. and out of the liver of the animal was taken a piece of wood about one and a half inches in length, and perhaps the fourth of an inch in diameter.—The piece of wood, I think, is of oak—judging from the *grain* or texture—is black on the exterior and in a perfect state of preservation: and from the appearance of the liver, which was healthy and sound, I should infer that the piece of wood had been lodged there a long time."

Birth Places of Southern Men.—William C. Preston was born in Philadelphia. Gen. Hamilton, of South Carolina, is also a Pennsylvanian, having been born in Lancaster county. The late Mr. Doddridge, of this state, was a Pennsylvanian. Robert Fulton, whose name is so eminently associated with New York, was a Pennsylvanian. Mr. Calhoun had well nigh been a Pennsylvanian, and also a Virginian. His father was from Ireland and emigrated to Pennsylvania, and afterwards removed to Western Virginia. His next step was to Abbeville, S. C. and in this last State Mr. Calhoun was born.

Norfolk Beacon.

☞ The following literary curiosity was received here by one of our theatrical managers a few days since:—

Boston Post.

Newport, August the 4 1836.

Mr ——.—I wish to know whether you want a actor in your theatre. if you do i should like to come there. I have been on the stage a good many times in newport When the Lion theatre was here and have performed a part in several plays and done my part well so I have been told by them that see me there and have been told that i had a very good voice and would make a very good actor. I have played Maurice in the floting Beacon, and a part in Damon and Pythias and Pizaro or the death of Rolla, and Hachet and sea weed in Black eyed Susan I had both parts to take in it and they that saw me play it said that I done it verry well and told me that I had better be a actor, and I told them that I should If i could get a chance in the —— Theatre in Boston if they would have me. Mr —— Manager of the Lion theatre wanted me but had good many young actors and thought that if i wrote on to you that I could get a chance in the —— theatre. He told me if i tried i could get into your theatre because they wanted actors. and if you will take me into your chareg I will make myself useful to you and do the best I can and hope you will take me into it. I can play my part well if i am a minto. I only want little time to study it and I will have my part well as any body of my age and will have it perfect to, and if you conclude to have me I wish you would answer the letter as quick as you can for i am in a hurry to come for i have nothing to do and want to come as quick asican come. And I want you to tell me what your price is for diferent kind of Actors and if I like the bargain I will come on in four or five weeks. this is all I have to say, I Remain your afectionate freind

Paddy and the Echo.—"Patrick! where have you been this hour or more? you must not absent yourself without my permission."

"Och, niver more will I do the like, sir."

"Well, give an account of yourself, you seem out of breath."

"Fait the same I am sir; I niver was in such fear since I come to Ameriky, I'll till ye all about it, sir, when I get my breath wonst agin."

"I heard ye tilling the gintlemen of the wonderful hecho, sir, over in the woods, behint the big hill. I thocht by what ye said uv it, that it bate all the echoes uv ould Ireland, sir; and so it does, by the powers! Well I just run over to the place ye was speakin uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful creathur. So said I, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo!' and sure enough the hecho said, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo! you noisy rascal!' I thocht that was very quare sir; and I said 'hillo again.' 'Hillo, yourself,' said the hecho, 'you begun it first;' 'What the divil are you made uv,' said I. 'Shut your mouth, said the hecho.' So said I, 'ye blathern scoundril, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye isn't, I'd hommer ye till the mother of ye would't know her impedint son.'

"And what do you think the hecho said to that sir! 'Scamper ye baste of a Paddy,' said he, 'or faite if I catch you, I'll break ivery bone in your ugly body.' An' it hit my head with a stone, sir, and was nigh knocking the poor brains out of me. So I run as fast as iver I could; and praised be all the saints I'm here to tell you of it, sir."

Sale of Items.—The Illustrious George Robbins, equally celebrated for eloquence and for his inimitable style of getting up an advertisement, recently held a sale of "items," at the residence of the late Barry O'Meara, the said items consisting principally of articles that had belonged to, or were in some way connected with, Napoleon. The sale was thronged by amateurs of *virtu*, and the "items" brought enormous prices. Among them were the magnificent Turkish sabre, worn by Napoleon in Egypt, a full-length miniature of the emperor, a superb set of gold table implements, (knife, fork and spoon), with the imperial arms engraved thereon, presented to O'Meara by Joseph Bonaparte, a number of silver spoons formerly belonging to and used by Napoleon, a few lines of his writing, a lock of his hair, and one of his teeth, together with the instrument by the help of which O'Meara beguiled it from the imperial jaw!

Commercial.

Evil of Railroads.—The *New York Gazette* gives the following humorous argument, which, it says, was used by a canal stockholder in opposition to railways:—"He saw what would be the effect of it; that it would set the whole world a gadding. Twenty miles an hour, sir! Why you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at his work; every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweetheart. Grave, plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachments must be at end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Veracious people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notion of distance. 'Only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan!' 'Pray, sir, will you dine with me at my little box at Alleghany?' 'Why, indeed I don't know—I shall be in town until twelve.—Well, I shall be there, but you must let me off in time for the theatre.' And then, sir, there will be barrels of pork and cargoes of flour, and chaldrons of coals, and even lead and whiskey, and such like sober things, that have been used to sober travelling, whisking away like a set of sky-rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If two gentlemen have an affair of honor, they have only to steal off to the Rocky mountains, and there no jurisdiction can stop them.—And then, sir, think of flying for debt. A set of bailiffs mounted on bombshells would not overtake an absconded debtor, only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential, topsy-turvey, harum-skarum whirligig. Give me the old, solemn, straight-forward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for jog and trot journeys—with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burden; it is more primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop-skip-and-jump whimsies now for me.

A Curious Hoax has been played off on the good citizens of Paris, which shows that the French, if not so credulous as their neighbors on the other side of the channel, are not free from that very comfortable quality of gullibility. An Italian, named count Sertorio, calling himself an officer in the pontifical forces, deposited with a notary in Paris a decree of Charles V., a brief of Pope Pius VI., and other documents dating from the 15th and 16th centuries, the purport of which was to confer on the direct line of his noble family the privilege of creating annually two *knights of the golden spurs* (equites auratos). The Count's liberality, however, very greatly transgressed the prescribed limits; for in less than two years he delivered more than thirty diplomas, and received the new chevaliers with the form and ceremony due to the august occasion. The number of these and their high price at length excited suspicion, and it was soon ascertained that the Count's credentials, decree, brief, and all, owed their birth to his own fertile invention, and that the knights of the spur have been gloriously humbugged. The impostor was sentenced to fine and imprisonment.

No Hoax, but Genuine—The Real Crittur.—A gentleman from this city, and we can see no harm in giving names, Charles Mussey, Esq. being on a visit a week or two since to Saratoga Springs, in crossing Lake George in the steamer Mountaineer, came across the following unexampled literary curiosity, nailed up in the boat for the information of the passengers. Believing its merits entitled it to a wider promulgation he took it down, and has handed us the original to publish for the benefit of the world of letters.

Dick and Joe were two firemen on board the boat, a couple of honest salamander fellows as ever dealt in snakes. Tung Mountain, where they caught their *snaix*, lies on the borders of Lake St. George.

The Postscript appears to refer to a previous advertisement, which probably some traveller had been tempted to remove, and may have been the short one published a few days since in some of the Boston papers.

6 SNAIX fur syte or fur sayle

Awl them Rattill Snaix that wos oand buy thee subskrybours is now younighted into woncarryvan and may be seen fur thee yousuall pryce of Sickspunts a syte for gentilmun, and wiming and childring haf pryce for admittuns.

Thoes snaix wos kecht on tung mownting and aire now awl sicks living alive inn a bocks withowt nothen tu eit—and have ganed younanny mous applaws tu a man

them are snaix is to bee sould hull sayle or retayle tu sewt thee company—

bye Dick & Joe

unbord the steemour mountaineer

PS. please tu lett the advurtysemunt stan whare it tis—

D & J

Elopement.—Great sensation has been produced in the establishment of a family of considerable importance in the neighborhood of Tonbridge, by the sudden disappearance of a young lady aged seventeen, highly accomplished, and possessed of considerable personal attractions, who was on a visit to the family alluded to. The gay Lothario arrived at Parker's Hotel at eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, and proceeded in a chaise and four, early the next morning, by a circuitous route to Sevenoaks. The fair lady was anxiously waiting under some trees near the mansion, and, upon the approach of the chaise, she instantly sprang in, and was soon on her journey. The affair did not become known until the family had assembled at the breakfast-table, when every inquiry was immediately made throughout the establishment for Miss ——, and her flight was not ascertained until a tradesman called at the house, and related that, he observed the chaise in question pass through the village at a most rapid pace. There is little doubt but that the adventurous couple were destined for Gretna Green.

Maidstone Gazette.

Ambassadorial Presents.—The manner in which these presents were disposed of was a proof of the estimation in which they were held. They consisted of jewels, snuff-boxes, and other articles presented to the Sultan, Grand Vizier, Reis Effendi, &c. These things were made by Rundell and Bridge, jewellers to the King, who had an agent at Constantinople to re-purchase them. Instead of being retained by the persons to whom they were presented as honorary distinctions, which they would be fond to keep and display, the agent was immediately sent for; and frequently, on the very day on which they were given, a bargain was made, and the article was bought, and sent back to London, where it was a little altered in the setting, re-purchased by Government, and again presented by the next ambassador; so that the same article has gone through this process several times.

Walsh's Constantinople.

Tobit's Dog, a public house in the south-west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, one of the most ancient and memorable in the metropolis, where Charles the Second and his friend Rochester played many a merry prank, and where wits and bacchanalians of a more recent date held their nightly revels, has, within the last week, been entirely demolished, together with all its tangible reminiscences.

St. Stephens' Cattle-Show.—This Cattle Show came off with more than usual *eclat*. The collection of beasts was extremely numerous. The prizes were awarded as follows:—For the greatest beast in the three kingdoms,—the Duke of Cumberland; second ditto,—Lord Wynford; for the best bull,—a celebrated Irish Member. For a buck, with the largest pair of horns, the prize was awarded to Lord Ellenborough; for the greatest jackass,—Alderman Venables; the greatest hog,—the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor; the greatest calf,—Horace Twiss; the greatest goose,—the Hon. George Norton; the finest duck,—Queen Adelaide. The largest blubber,—Lord Eldon.

Proceedings of the Common Council.—Several important motions are on the books, and will doubtless be moved as soon as opportunity offers. Among the principal are the following:—Mr. Charles Pearson to move for the quantity of whiffs necessary in smoking a million of cigars, and for a return of all the sparks that have dropped, for the last forty years, out of the tubes of tobacco pipes. Mr. Alderman Wood has given notice that, for the benefit of the rising generation, he means to move for *a return* of all the pennies to the little boys who have visited penny shows in the United Kingdom during the last twenty years. It is said that the family of the late Duke of Glocester will be considerably enriched by this arrangement, as his Royal Highness was accustomed to be very lavish in this particular. Scales has moved for a copy of the correspondence that passed between Hobler and a city policeman, on the subject of a drunken man having been found in Portsoken Ward; and if no written correspondence took place on the subject, still Alderman Scales does not consent to withdraw his motion.

Figaro in London.

The City Budget.—This important City State paper was laid before the Common Council on Monday last, and we are happy, on the whole, to be able to congratulate the citizens on the state of their finances. There is no surplus in money, but there is a valuable property in kitchen stuff and ginger-beer bottles, for the sake of which a negotiation has been opened with some marine store shops of the first respectability. The expenditure for the year has been frugal, not to say shabby, and the revenue has been collected with the greatest difficulty. The young man who goes round for the police rate, has not been able to get one farthing of it, and in one or two instances his application has earned for him more kicks than half-peace. The beadle's hat was lost in the recent storm, but otherwise the aspect of mercantile affairs is favorable. The hat was not insured. It was seen being carried with the greatest velocity down Fleet street, with the beadle in it, but when it passed the Bar, that functionary was thrown out of it with a most violent pith upon his stomach. The Budget contains an item which we think objectionable, namely, Secret Service Money, 9d. The citizens should be on their guard in all financial matters. The estimates for the next year are moderate, though they include a pinafore for Hobler. It is expected this will be the cause of a violent struggle. We are of course flattered by the sum of £50 appearing in the estimates for the purchase of numbers of Figaro in London, which the civic authorities declare they cannot do without, and which, they add, they mean to make their Statute Book in future. It is expected this sum will be enlarged in the Committee.

Figaro in London.

Lord Lyndhurst, who is quite as *personal* in his abuse as *purse and all* in his principles, was making some coarse and vulgar jokes the other day, upon the shortness of Lord John Russell. "In truth," said the clumsy *barren* of Exchequer, "I wonder how so *little a man* can go to such *lengths as a politician*." His Lordship *ought to be* the last man in the world to wonder at any discrepancy.

It must have been perceived that stenciling has now superseded chalk on the walls, and the consequence is, that it is exalted to a profession. One person advertises "the acme of stencil," but this bold spirit is outdone by a rival, who sets forth his pretensions as follows:—"Stenciling in all its branches, performed in the very height of acme!" Of course the latter will carry off the palm. We imagine that by the "height of acme," he means as high as possible on the walls, so that it cannot be easily rubbed off. The fine arts will come to something shortly.

We were rather startled to find one of the cases in the Admiralty Court, on Tuesday, headed "The King against forty-nine casks of Brandy." We could not for our lives imagine why our excellent monarch should be represented as hostile to brandy, whether in casks or hogsheads. It appeared, however, that these were "spirits," saved "from the vasty deep," and the only question was as to how many casks his Majesty was entitled to, and we are happy to say that he got enough by the decision to keep him "in liquor" for some time.

Lady Beresford appeared at the drawing-room for presentation, "on her marriage," in a *peach* blossom gauze dress, with *cherry* tinted satin slip, *plum* colored shoes, and head-dress of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, so arranged as to resemble a tiara of *strawberries*. Ominous signs these, it must be confessed—if not of *fruit*-fulness, at least of *fruit*-ion.

"Sir John will no doubt make a very excellent husband," observed a friend to Lady Beresford. "Rather speak, my dear," rejoined her ladyship, "of what he might have made forty years ago, and not what he is now likely to make. Husbands, to my taste, are not like wine, the better for age or *keeping*." This remark produced an irresistible effect.

LONG SMITH AND HIS SWEET-HEART.

"Does *Billiard* Smith the widow wed
For love or money, which?" Tom said.
"For neither," D'Orsay cried, "though true
He marries for a *plum* or two."

"Rord Rodney," sxclaimed *the* Duchess, addressing her secretary, Harrison, "must have been a very wonderful man; observe what is here said of him." With this her Grace handed to her official myrmidon a volume of Benson Hill's "Recollections of an Artillery Officer," from which he read aloud the following passage, her Grace all the time keeping up a shout of loud and unceasing laughter. The story is told of an old black woman of Barbadoes, who is dignified by the appellation of "Lady Rodney:"—"Lord Rodney lub me dearly, and make me his lady; dere you see him (showing a miniature) look you full in de face—you not able see his back. I know every bit of him sweet figure: and, by Gor, I tink I neber saw a man with such a large pig-tail in all my life—me tye him wid ribbons bery often. But no use cry now, he is gone to glory up in heban—me go to him fore long—see him again me sure. Hope to Goramighty he no cut off him pig-tail, cause me know him mong a hundred, 'twas such a big-un." Her Grace was so exhausted with laughter at the close of the sentence that it was found necessary to administer a restorative, in the shape of a strong tumbler of "cold without."

Now that "Horace Twiss, Esquire, K.C., M.P., and late under Secretary to the Colonies," as he styles himself in the advertisements, has connected himself with bubble companies, he talks about giving up his practice at the bar! Speaking on the subject the other day, in his agitation his wig got a little on one side, which caused Sir George Rose to titter. "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" asked the blockhead barrister. "Nothing but the head," replied Sir George.

WRECK OF THE FRANCIS SPAIGHT.

HARROWING NARRATIVE, AS RELATED BY ONE OF THE CREW.

The *Francis Spaight*, a fine vessel of 345 tons burden, laden with timber, sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 24th of November. The crew amounted to fourteen men, with the captain and mate, many of whom were indifferent hands. They were mostly boatmen trained on the Shannon; some from Kilrush, a few from Tarbert, and one or two from Foynes. Nothing could be finer than the weather for the first eight or ten days of the voyage, but it afterward came to blow so hard, that they were obliged to drive before the wind under a mizen topsail. At three o'clock in the morning of the 3d of December, an alarm was raised by a cry and confusion on deck. The vessel, it appeared, either steering wild through the carelessness of the helmsman, or perhaps from her bad trim, suddenly broached to, and lay like a log in the trough of the sea.—The day had not dawned at the time. It was still very dark, and the waves broke so frightfully over her, that the captain or mate could not get the men to obey their directions; nor even when she was filling rapidly with water, could he get them to work the pump. In less than an hour she lay on her beam ends, the greater part of the crew saving themselves by climbing on her side, and clinging to the rigging. Pat. Busack and Pat. Behane, however, were drowned in the forecastle, and William Griffith, the mate, in the after cabin, into which he had gone accidentally only a few minutes before. The captain, and a man named Murville, now got to the fore and mainmasts, and cut them away; the mizen topmast went with them over the side, and the ship almost immediately righted. As soon as she righted, being already filled with water, she settled down in the sea, and there was scarcely any portion of her to be seen, except the poop and bulwarks. No situation could be more hopeless or miserable than that of the unfortunate crew, standing ankle deep on the wreck, in the depth of a winter's night, and clinging in the darkness to whatever was nearest, as sea after sea rolled successively over them; but they knew not the full horror of their condition until the dawn of the morning, for which they all were looking eastward with intense anxiety. They then discovered that their provisions had been washed overboard, and as the holds were filled by the sea, they had no means of coming at any fresh water. The gale continued on unabating through the morning, and the dreadful swell every now and then swept over the decks, so that for safety as well as for shelter, they gathered into the cabin under the poop. Even here she was so deep with water, a dry plank could not be found on which they might lie; their only rest was by standing close together, huddled up, and leaning against one another. At about ten o'clock in the forenoon a vessel was suddenly descried to the westward, and for some time it was thought possible her course might be near them; but she stood far away beyond the reach of signal, and was soon out of sight. That day and the next passed away without the slightest change in the weather. On the third it began to moderate, during the whole of which period they remained standing in the cabin, leaning against one another, or against the ship's sides, unable to take rest or sleep.

Their greatest suffering was hunger, or rather a sinking at the stomach, and from thirst, neither of which had they any conceivable means of allaying.—There were fifteen hands alive, and of these not one had tasted a morsel of food since the wreck; and for drink they had only three bottles of wine, which were found in the cabin: this was served out in wine glasses at long intervals. There was some occasional rain, which they were not prepared at first for saving, getting but a scanty supply by holding the cover of a tureen under the saddle of the mizen-mast. In seven days after the appearance of the first vessel, another was seen on the weather quarter, outward bound, and only four miles north. The hopes of the crew were again revived, and their anxiety was intense for a short time. An ensign was hoisted on the mizen-mast, and part of a sail; the day was very clear, and she could not but see it, at least the wretched men thought so; but she bore away like the former, and was soon lost to their view. Despair was now in every countenance. How they lived through the succeeding five days, it would be hard to tell, but no one tasted food; some few endeavored to eat the horn buttons off their jackets, the only substitute for nutriment that occurred to them. There was no means of taking fish, and though birds were sometimes seen flying past, they had no means of bringing them down. Horrible as this situation was, it was made yet worse by the conduct of the crew towards one another.

On the 19th of December, the sixteenth day since the wreck, and since they had tasted food, many of the men were gathering together in groups, and something seemed to be in agitation amongst them. The mystery was cleared up in the course of the day. When they all happened to be collected together in the cabin, the captain came off deck, and addressed them about their desperate condition. He said they were now such a length of time without sustenance, that it was beyond human nature to endure it any longer—that they were already on the verge of the grave, and that the only question for them to consider, was, whether one or all should die? That at present it seemed certain that all must die, unless food could be procured; but if one died the rest might live until some ship came in view. His opinion was that one should suffer for the rest, and that lots should be drawn between the four boys, as they had no families, and could not be considered so great a loss to their friends as those who had wives and children to depend on them. The lot having been cast, it fell upon a boy named O'Brien.—The poor fellow heard the announcement without uttering a word. His face was very pale, but not a feature of it was changed. The men now told him he must prepare for death; and the captain said it was better it should be done by bleeding him in the arm, to which O'Brien made no objection. The captain then directed the cook, John Gorman, to do it, telling him it was his duty; but Gorman strenuously refused. He was, however, threatened with death himself by the men, if he continued obstinate, and he at last consented. O'Brien then took off his jacket, without waiting to be desired, and after telling the crew, if any of them ever reached home, to tell his poor mother what had happened to him, bared his right arm. The cook cut his veins across twice with a small knife, but could bring no flow of blood, upon which there seemed to be much hesitation among the men as to what could be done. They were relieved by the boy himself, who immediately desired the cook to give him the knife, as he could not be looking at him putting him in pain. When he got the knife, and was about to cut the vein, the captain recommended him to try the left arm, which he accordingly did. He attempted to open the vein at the bend of the elbow with the point of the knife, as a surgeon would, but like the cook, he failed in bringing blood. A dead consternation now fell upon all; but in a minute or two the captain said, 'This is all of no use, 'tis better to put him out of pain by at once bleeding him in the throat,' and some of them said it was true. At this O'Brien, for the first time looked terrified, and begged hard that they would not do so, but give him a little time; he said he was cold and weak; but if they would let him lay down and sleep for a little while, he would get warm, and then he would bleed freely. To this wish there was some expression of dissent from the men, and the captain shortly after said to them 'that it was useless leaving the boy this way in pain. 'twas best at once to lay hold of him, and let the cook cut his throat!'

O'Brien, now roused and driven to extremity, seemed working himself up to résistance, and declared he would not let them; the first man, he said, who laid hands on him, 'twould be worse for him; that he'd appear to him at another time;—that he'd haunt him after death. The poor youth was, however, among so many, soon got down, and the cook was again called upon to put him to death. The man now refused more strenuously than before, and another altercation arose; but, weak and irresolute, and seeing that his own life would absolutely be taken instead of O'Brien's, if he persisted, he at length yielded to their menaces. Some one at this time brought him down a large case knife that was on the poop, instead of the clasp knife that he had first prepared, with which, pale and trembling he stood over O'Brien, who was still endeavoring to free himself from those who held him. One of them now placed the cover of the tureen (which they before used to catch rain) under the boy's neck, to save the blood, and several cried out to the cook to do his duty. The horror-stricken man over and again endeavored to summon up hardihood enough for the deed; but when he caught the boy's eye his heart always failed him, and then he looked supplicatingly to the men again. The cries and threats were, loud for death; he made a desperate effort; there was a short struggle, and O'Brien was no more!

As soon as this horrid act was perpetrated, the blood was served to the men; but a few of them, among whom was Mahony, refused to partake of it. They afterwards laid open the body and separated the limbs; the latter were hung over the stern, while a portion of the former was allotted for immediate use. Shocked as, for the sake of human nature, it is to be hoped many were at the scene they had just witnessed, a gnawing hunger came upon them all when they saw even this disgusting meal put out for them, and almost every one, even the unwilling boys, partook more or less of it. This was the evening of the 16th day. They ate again late at night, and some greedy; but the thirst, which was before at least endurable, now became craving, and as there was no more blood, they slaked it with salt water. Then they lay down to rest, but several were raving and talking wildly through the night, and in the morning the cook was observed to be quite insane—his eyes inflamed and glaring, and his speech rambling and incoherent; he threw his clothes about restlessly, and was often violent. His raving continued through the succeeding night, and in the morning, as his end seemed to be approaching, the veins of his neck were cut and blood drawn from him. This was the second death. On the night of that day, Michael Behane was mad, and the boy George Burnes on the following morning; they were both so violent that they were obliged to be tied by the crew, and the latter was bled to death, like the cook, by cutting his throat also; Michael Behane died unexpectedly, or he would have suffered the same fate. Next morning the captain came off deck, and feeling too weak and exhausted to keep a look out any longer, desired some one to take his place above. Harrington and Mahoney went up very soon after; the latter thought he could distinguish a sail, and raised a shout of joy, upon which those below immediately came up. A ship was clearly discernible, and apparently bearing her course toward them. Signals were hoisted with as much alacrity as the weakness of the survivors would allow, and when she approached and was almost within hail, their apprehension of her passing by, like the former vessel, was so great, that they held up the hands and feet of O'Brien to excite commiseration. The vessel proved to be the Agenora, an American. She put off a boat to their assistance without any hesitation, although the weather was so rough at the time, and there seemed to be such an apprehension of its swamping, that the crew came in their shirts. The survivors of the Francis Spaight were all at length safely got on board the American, where they were treated with the utmost kindness.

Limerick (Ireland) Star.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them.

J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $1,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River

Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range, and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF:
MPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES,
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively [illegible] effort. Without stint or measure, but with candour and [illegible] cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously [illegible] by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiassed mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,
William E. Burton,
Eliza Sharpe,
John R. Scott,
Celeste Kepler,
John Fisher,
Eliza Riddle,
Joseph Wood,
Mary Wood,
Henry James Finn,
Mary Duff,
John Mason,
Frances Mary Pritchard,
John Sefton,
Louisa A. Phillips,
Henry James Hackett,
Fanny A. Drake,
Joseph M. Field,
Henry Placide,
Mary Vos,
James W. Wallack,
Elizabeth Chapman,
Charles Booth Parsons,
William F. Gates,
Emma Wheatley,
George Barrett,
Junius Brutus Booth,
Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
George H. Hill,
Tyrone Power,
Charlotte Watson,
Augustus A. Adams,
Josephine Clifton,
Charles Kean,
John Barnes,
J. W. S. Hows

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES.

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance) $5 00
For Six Months 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines $3 00
Each subsequent insertion 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarts	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	1 00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	2 00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	3 00	Do pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage.

S. T. EDWARDS.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills, specie, or any other property taken, shipped or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINSWORTH, Con. June, 1836.

june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway.

feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases.

W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease.

CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836.

july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallock's Poems, Drake's do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN.

D. L. P. [illegible], SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1/2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a5.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
“ “	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley.*
Alexandria, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
“ “	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
Botetourt, Va.	Annual Fall meeting, Big Lick Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
Baltimore, Md	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
“ “	Match, $6000 aside, ch c *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of spr. meeting, 1837.
Belfield, Va.	Fall meeting, second Tuesday, 12th Sept.
Bath, Ky	Jockey Club, Olympian Spring Course, last Thursday, 29th Sept.
Bean's Station, Ten.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Broad Rock, Va.	Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, Sept. 27.
Culpeper C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 26th Sept. On the 1st day, a
“ “	Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, *Charles Scott*, vs. *Florinda.*
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Columbus, Ga.	Jockey Club, Western Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, Oct. 24.
Centreville, L. I.	Near N. Y. City. *Trotting Course*, First Fall meeting, last week in Sept. Particulars in full in our next.
Davison's Course.	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct
Diamond Grove, Ill.	Jockey Club, Jacksonville Course, 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept.
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Florence, Ala.	Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 24th Oct
Frankfort, Ky.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d Nov.
Fairfield, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
“ “	Match, 1st day, $5000 aside, 4 m. hts, *Admiral* vs. *Margaret Armistead.*
“ “	Match, 2d day, $1000 aside, 2 m. hts. Ch. c. vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles.
Frederick City, Md.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
Gallatin, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
Hartsville, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Central Course, Fall meeting, 1st Treaday, 6th Sept.
Jackson, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
Kendall Course, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Association, Oakland Course, First Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept. Second Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
“ “	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept. Oakland Course.
Lynchburg, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Lexington, Ky.	Oglethorpe Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Moscow, Tenn.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
New-York City.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Ann Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
“ “	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
“ “	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope;* Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
“ “	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. Imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
“ “	Match, Mile heats, $2000 a side; full br. to Naked Truth, vs. Imp. f. by Muley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
“ “	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837. [Day and distance not declared.]
“ “	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., Two mile heats, *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Pharsalia Course Feb. 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
“ “	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Norfolk, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting 3d Monday, 19th Sept.
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C.	Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
Prince Edward, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
Richmond, Ky.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 1st Sept.
St. Louis, Mo.	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
Tree Hill, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, Ann. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Tappahannock, Va.	Jockey Club, Mt. Clement Course, 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept.—1st day,
“ “	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline.*
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. On the 1st day, a
“ “	Match, -- heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic.*
“ “	Match, -- heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Saturday, 8th Oct., last day of Fall meeting.
Washington, D. C.	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

One day during the convention, which had assembled for altering the constitution of the State of Virginia, Mr. Randolph was met by his old and firm friend Dr. ——, who invited him home to a sociable family dinner. The conversation at table seeming to lag, Mrs. —— took the occasion to make a remark in relation to one of the dishes before them, for the purpose of attracting Mr. R.'s attention to it. This aroused the guest, when after looking towards the dish, he made the following remarkable speech:—“Doctor, when you lived in the small house down there under the hill, you lived like a prince—I think I never set down to a better table—no man could live better—I enjoyed my meals very much:—when you moved up on the hill just above here, you lived pretty well—I may say very well—but not so well as at the old place,—now you have built yourself a palace, keep your carriage, and keep up so much style, (at the same time elevating his head and surveying the splendidly decorated apartment of his host—then returning his eyes to his plate) *this is what I call splendid misery.*” “Well, Mr. Randolph,” said the Doctor, “to use the language of scripture—what I have I give unto thee.”

Mr. Randolph became very much engrossed with a subject which rendered him for the time very uninteresting; after the cloth was removed, he took from his pocket a large dirk knife, with which he commenced to disfigure the elegant mahogany table. At length the Doctor's patience became exhausted, and said he, “You may *cut* me as much as you please, Mr. Randolph, but for heaven's sake don't cut my table.” Mr. Randolph soon after left the room and retired to bed in the hospitable mansion of his friend. About two o'clock the following morning, he arose and insisted upon the servant who lay near his door, to light two candles and precede him to the Hotel where he put up, which was about a quarter of a mile distant.

Mr. R. afterwards returned to the Doctor's and stretched himself on the settee in the library. At 9 o'clock P.M. Mrs. —— entered the room and inquired after his health: “*Dying*, madam, *dying*.” “Shall I order some breakfast prepared for you?” said Mrs. ——. “I think I should like some,” replied Mr. R. Soon after two of the delegates called on Mr. R. and represented to him that it was necessary for him to go to the House and reply to Mr. ——, who was then speaking. “How can I?—I'm dying,” said R. His friends left him, and suffering some detention on their way to the Capitol, when they reached there, they found Mr. Randolph had taken the floor, and *on that day* made his celebrated speech in that convention.

DONNA MARIA'S FROLICS.

An old woman, who has been lately employed at the palace making new window-curtains, relates many amusing anecdotes of her Queen and her young spouse. Her Majesty, it seems, is as full of frolic and as wild as a kitten. She never takes more than one meal a day; but that one meal lasts all day long, for the lump—not slice—of bread and butter is never out of the hand. In her hours of relaxation, she and the Prince often indulge in a game of romps, which generally ends in a *melee* of all the ladies present. Lest I should forget it, let me tell you at once she is positively not *enceinte*. Some days ago, she hunted old Don Lorenco de Lima from room to room with a pair of scissors in her hand; and her object, namely, to cut off a piece of his coat-tail, having been frustrated by the clever retreat he ultimately succeeded in effecting, she indulged her sportive humor by chopping off large pieces from the fashionably capricious sleeves of her maids of honor. The Prince is just as frolicsome, and is for that very reason, besides his good-looking phiz, a great favorite at the palace. The *drama personæ* of the little coterie who surround the royal pair is small but choice. Don Lorenco de Lima, uncle to the Marquis de Ponte de Lima, the very beau ideal of Bob Logic, with spectacles, umbrella, &c. The only achievement of any note ever accomplished by him, is one of which certain London tailors can furnish you with particulars. Don Thomas de Mello, a man of Herculean frame, and almost gigantic dimensions—it was he who really killed the lancer whom Lord Beresford has the credit of having slain at the battle of Albeura—though a nobleman of the highest descent and rank, he was then serving as private dragoon. The fact is that he never intended to enter the army as a profession, having been brought up as a *homme de robe*, and only joined the army at the commencement of the Peninsular war, because he felt that his country had a right to claim the aid of his brawny arm for its defence. Thinking himself rather too old to be a subaltern, he entered at once as a private. The Duchess de Ficalho, a very amiable woman by all accounts, and lastly, the fascinating Donna Maria das Dores, the Marquis de St. Iris—a young lady whose charms are said to have enthralled the heart of a juvenile diplomatist of Hibernian descent, and who claims kindred with the immortal gods, being a nephew of no less a personage than Cupid himself. The rest are figurantes not worthy of any particular commemoration.

Correspondence of an English Cotemporary.

Bathing at Southport.—The ceremony of ladies bathing is accompanied with some peculiarities. Owing to the rapid rise and fall of the tide they are obliged to be particularly quick in their movements, so that, not only those who are about to dip are as busy as bees, but likewise the mothers, and aunts, and sisters, and cousins, and friends, who attend them. And, perhaps, it is this appearance of bustle that attracts a gang of idlers, who, having nothing better to do, stand by and look on. I did not remark any specific regulations enforced as to distance among the spectators, which point seemed to be decided by custom and common consent to eveverybody's satisfaction. A painted board, nevertheless, placed in a conspicuous position in the rear of a score or upwards of bathing machines standing in a line, decrees that those of the gentlemen shall not advance nearer than one hundred yards to those of the ladies; and further, that all pleasure-boats are prohibited from approaching the ladies when bathing, within the distance of thirty yards, under the penalty, in case of contempt of the regulation, of five shillings; a fine which, under the circumstances, cannot, I think, be called exorbitant. I am not aware how it is proposed to adjust a case of disputed distance, some favor being properly due to the variation of the steersman's eye on such an occasion. The amount of fine has been calculated, probably, by those best able to assess the damage, and affords the means of turning, in these liberal days, even a lady's charms to the good of the parish. The insulted fair one becomes a public benefactress, while the gentleman fined, provided his eyes are tolerable good, has no cause to complain of the draft on his purse. The fine, moreover, falling on the boat's crew, would be paid in a kind of *ad valorem* rate, as the case might be—not exceeding, at all events, a few pence per naked lady. All the old bathing women at Southport (to make use of an Hibernicism) are young men, that is to say, stout, lusty fellows, under middle age. Whether the service diminishes the chilling effects of the water; whether it makes young men old, or old men young, is a point, they say, not yet determined; at all events, the young ladies, one and all, without hesitation, submit to their guidance, such as they are. The guide, or male personage, or what not, having taken his post in front of the machine, in the usual manner, the young lady undresses within. Having disencumbered herself of her apparel, she puts on a dark blue bathing dress, (in which I perceived no other difference from those commonly used, than that it was invariably fastened with strings between the ancles), and, in this costume, makes her appearance, “*albo sic humero nitens, ut pura nocturno renidet luna mari*,”—(her shoulder white as the clear moonbeam that glitters on the midnight sea)—on the upper step of the sanctuary. Presenting both her hands to the guide, and supported by his grasp, she then falls backwards on the wave, receiving the embraces of old Neptune as young ladies usually do, with the accompaniments of squeaking, giggling, kicking, splashing, and wincing. * * * Women are tender, nervous creatures, and somehow or other, whenever they have to deal with that rude, rough animal, man, they universally put themselves into a twitter. I particularly remarked that every one of these damsels began to be fussy the moment, or rather a few moments before, her turn to be carried arrived; and invariably one and all anticipated the gallants, by stepping forward most unnecessarily to meet them, and placing each her dainty little foot in the puddle. But this action was merely preliminary, and quite trifling compared with the furious fit of the fidgets which followed on being actually lifted. This ceremony was attended by an innumerable host of little difficulties. First they would not be helped at all—then they would be helped, but their clothes were in the way.—Some found fault because the gentlemen placed their hands too high—others squeaked because they were too low—then they were sure they would fall forwards—and then, again, there was nothing at all to prevent their falling backwards; so that finally, what with all their whims and fancies, they really, poor things! became seriously frightened, sometimes, as if wrought to a frenzy of ungovernable agitation, seizing the beau by his curly poll; at other times by an ear or a whisker. However, they were no sooner on board than their fears were all forgotten, and they became so joyous and happy, that the bloom of youth and hilarity not only irradiated their own countenances, but also shed a reflected light all around.

Sir Geo. Head's Home Tour.

Smoking among German Ladies.—The only drawback to my enjoyment at Hamburgh, was the universal habit of smoking tobacco—the coffee-houses, the ball-rooms, the marquees, villas, cabarets, and promenades, in short every place in which human beings were congregated, were filled with a dense mass of this vapor. The whole of the male population were armed either with a pipe or a cigar: even boys of eight or ten years were to be seen indulging in this practice. The fair enemy of tobacco smoke, Mrs. Trollope, would here have been completely horrified, for even some of the women are addicted to this most unfeminine indulgence; and I have not unfrequently seen a handsome well-dressed girl receive from her inamorato, not a glass of lemonade, but a genuine Havanna, which she instantly commenced reducing to ashes with a *gout* as keen as that of a Spanish dandy in a coffee-house at Madrid.

Two Scotchmen lodging at an inn, one complained in the morning to the other of his having a very indifferent bed, and inquired how he had slept. “Troth, mon,” replied the friend, “nae very well either, but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for de'll a one o' them closed an e'e the hale night.”

Curiosity.—The ship New England, arrived yesterday from Marseilles, has on board a stud horse, about two and a half feet high, in perfect condition, and gentle as a lamb, together with a coach and harness, which was intended to take Charles X.'s grandson into Marseilles.

N. Y. Daily Gazette.

A young fellow in Vermont ninety-one years old, recently applied for a divorce for the purpose of marrying again!

Improved Phraseology.—Two darkies passing down the turnpike the other day, as a train was crossing the bridge, one exclaimed, “Didn't take dem cars long to come from whar dey did.” “No, nigger,” replied the other; “but why can't you say *from whar dey was.*”

Coatsville Adv.

Foreign Correspondence.—This trash is all the go now-a-days. Any body who can write a sentence, and many who cannot, start for the tour of Europe, as travelling correspondents. The Philadelphia Inquirer has a most prolific one—he had only got as far as the Narrows here, but had despatched three letters.

Herald.

“There's nothing to be caught now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for it.”—Hem—*Shakspeare.*

We received a couple of as fine trout yesterday from our friend John, of the United States Hotel, Worcester, as ever bathed in a brook. John is great in his *line*, and we shall remember him with gratitude to our last day.

Boston Morning Post.

“The soul of this man is in his clothes.”

The Pewee hasn't the magnanimity to correct its misrepresentations relative to us. Ib.

Accident.—The editor of the Herald was trod on by a fly yesterday, and badly injured. Ib.

The Worcester Republican man must be troubled with a pain in his bowels—we advise him to take Rochelle and sleep in a flannel night-cap. Ib.

——“When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that”——

The young bachelors speak in terms of warm admiration of **Miss Angelica**, at the National—we've not seen her ourselves. Ib.

“Whoever dare, these boots displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face—
Thus do I challenge the whole human race.”

Bombastes Furioso.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—“Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind.”—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

A SWEEPSTAKES open to all trotting horses, three mile heats, under the saddle, subscription $500, h. ft., and $200 added by the proprietor, will be trotted for on the Centreville Trotting Course, about the 1st of October next. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 10th of September next, at 9 o'clock, P.M. Entries, half forfeit, to be made with the proprietor, at Randall Smith's, Park Row, 3d door above the Park Theatre. To be governed by the rules of the Course. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

N.B. The sum of $200 will be paid by the Proprietor if two horses only shall start. Should all save one pay forfeit, then no addition will be made to the stakes by the Proprietor.

J. C.

Centreville, L. I. Aug. 13, 1836. a 13.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—*20th September.*—First Day.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

Second Day.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry*

Trenton, July 1, 1836

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tueseay in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed npon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, Second Day—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary.*

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat “Lizzard,” one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, “The Goddess of Liberty,” of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to

a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

july 2

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol.* Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1836, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 182[illegible], got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1820, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by PotSos—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 14th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.

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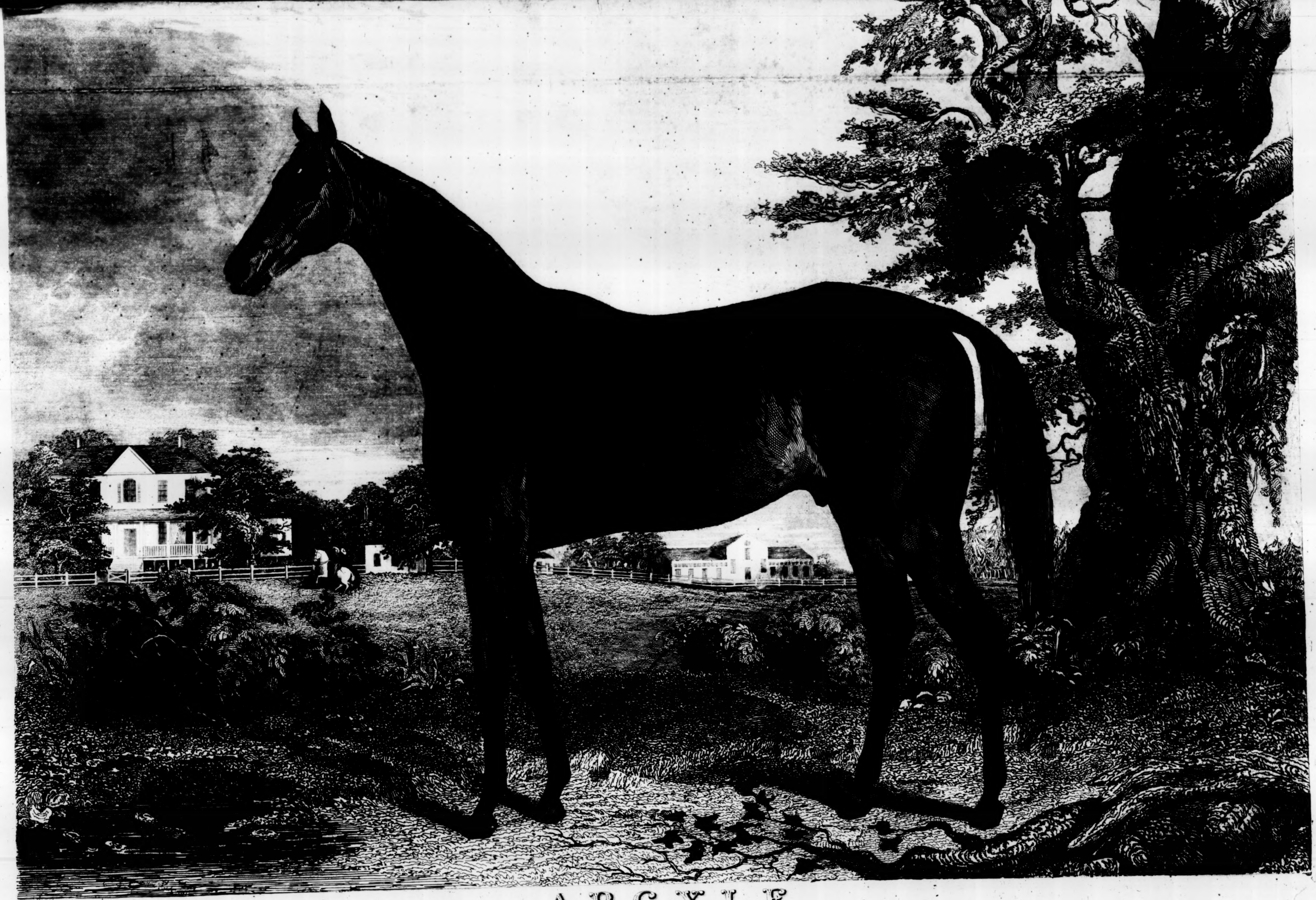

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